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THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XXVI. No. 665. [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1943 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

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"FOOD, WORK AND HOMES"

THE appointment of Lord Woolton as Minister of Reconstruction, with a seat in the War Cabinet, must be considered in conjunction with the Premier's Mansion House speech. The Prime Minister says that we are to have "a vast and practical scheme to make sure that in the years immediately following the war food, work and homes are found for all." "Food, work and homes" can be regarded as the Prime Minister's new slogan—a variant of "homes for heroes," springing from the realisation that he can no longer maintain his almost entirely negative attitude towards reconstruction on the home front. Does this slogan mean that the ban so lately imposed by Mr. Churchill on the raising of controversial post-war issues is to be removed? Apparently not, since only a few days ago he refused on this very ground to meet the Welsh M.P.s who wished to put before him a proposal that there shall be a Secretary for Wales. Nor was there any but a very cold and negative comfort in Mr. Churchill's laconic "No, sir," in reply to Mr. Parker's query about whether the Government regarded the Uthwatt proposals as ruled out of consideration on account of their controversial character.

What then is Lord Woolton to do? Presumably to get together a compromise reconstruction programme that will appease the Left without going far upsetting the Right. But is such a thing possible? As far as homes go, perhaps it is; it should be practicable to launch a really large housing programme without annoying the Tories. (A controversial proposal may be defined as one which annoys the Tories.) A housing programme arranged in this spirit will probably cost a great deal; for the simplest way of making it "non-controversial" will be to give the vested interests all they want. But it can be done, if money is no object.

Food for all is a different matter; how much food there will be for the British people is bound for some time after the war to depend a good deal on how little there is for others. Lord Woolton himself recently gave warning that we are running into a world food shortage; and this shortage will by no means end with the war. "Food for all" is therefore in the short run a dangerous slogan: it can so easily mean food for British people, no matter who else goes without. Politically, it will probably please the Tories and the farming interests; it will help them to get through plans for subsidies to agriculture, not merely in the short run, when they will certainly be needed, but also on a long-term basis.

Work for all is the most difficult of the three; how on earth can work for all be assured without highly controversial legislation involving a great enlargement in the State's economic powers and the drastic reorganisation of a considerable number of industries—to say nothing of that frontal attack on monopoly power which Mr. Herbert Morrison was taken to task for advocating only a couple of weeks ago? Clearly, Mr. Churchill's slogan and Lord Woolton's appointment must be read in relation to the speech made last Saturday by Mr. Morrison about the Beveridge Report. We are to have the results of the Government's scrutiny of the Report within the next few months. There will be no "whole-hogging" acceptance of Beveridge, but "a scheme for the future owing much to the Beveridge Report, and calculated to comfort the country." Also, we presume, calculated to comfort the insurance interests, by the elimination of all the "controversial" features to which they took objection.

Mr. Morrison added that "a scheme of social security should occupy no more than a small part of our picture of the post-war Britain that we want to see." This is an old line of Mr. Morrison's. He has always been a keen critic of what he calls "eleemosynary Socialism," and has insisted that a policy of social security will not work unless it is based firmly on measures of constructive reorganisation designed to increase efficiency and promote a high level of production. Are we not back again in the realms of political controversy which Mr. Churchill wishes to leave unexplored? Can Lord Woolton leave them unexplored if his mission is to provide work for all? We cannot set everybody to build houses or to grow food, and we should be a great deal worse off if we did. We have to get the basic industries soundly reorganised, to ensure that the great war factories are put to the best possible use for making post-war goods, to prevent cartels and monopolist concerns from buying up lesser producers in order to restrict production or from holding new processes off the market in order to bolster up the values of existing capital. Are these things likely to be non-controversial? They are much more likely to be brushed aside in favour of a short-term policy of doles for all, instead of work for all.

We assume that the new Ministry of Reconstruction will be a co-ordinating ministry, and not a department in the ordinary sense—Sir William Jowitt's Reconstruction Secretariat writ larger, and with greater powers, and not a new agency to which the main executive tasks will be transferred. This is unavoidable; it would be unworkable to concentrate the problems of "food, work and homes" in a single department. But the great question is whether the ban on controversial legislation is to remain unaltered, or to be modified in practice, even if some profession of retaining it is maintained. "Food, work and homes" are by their nature controversial; they involve property.

What of the Labour Party?

In face of what Mr. Churchill has said and done, surely the Labour Party must at long last bestir itself and make its position plain to the electors. Is it behind Mr. Herbert Morrison's recent speeches, or is it not? Has it any reconstruction policy of its own beyond a mere refurbishing of its pre-war programme? Or is it content to let its Ministers in the Government push Mr. Churchill as far as he can be induced to go, only to find that he has stolen enough of their ideas for the electors to be induced to follow him, rather than them, when he decides to appeal to the country? The leaders of Labour seem slow to realise that to most of the young men and women who will be voters in the next election they stand for nothing at all. Many of these men and women have Left sympathies, but they have been given no reason for associating the Labour Party with any Left programme that appeals to

their sympathies. The Labour Party, to the electorate of to-morrow, is vaguely the party of the Trade Unions, and very little more. It has as yet no nation-wide appeal. The time has surely come for it to tell the country plainly what controversial legislation it does regard as necessary, and on what precise issues it is proposing to fight. Such a message cannot be put across in a day and a night; and there may be all too little time left. Sir Walter Citrine's speech last week-end sounded as if he now realised this more clearly than Labour's political leaders.

Towards What Frontier?

Yet another Russian offensive has been crowned with success: Gomel and Rezhitsa have been cut off from their one railway link with the West. Combined with persistent Russian pressure along the axes Smolensk-Orsha and Nevel-Polotsk, this latest operation begins to constitute a serious threat to the whole Central Group of German armies, which are in danger of being driven into the Pripet Marshes. Further south, notwithstanding heavy German counter-attacks between Jitomir and Fastov, the Red Army's advance westwards towards Korosten continues with impressive speed; already the pre-1939 Polish frontier is within measurable distance. Is that to be regarded as the U.S.S.R.'s frontier with the Poland of to-morrow? Mr. Oumansky, Soviet Ambassador to Mexico, says "No": the frontier of the U.S.S.R. lies 450 kilometres ahead of General Vatutin's advance guard. Read in conjunction with Mr. Cordell Hull's Press conference on Monday, this blunt *ex parte* dictum by Mr. Oumansky suggests that on some controversial issues (which must have been discussed) the Moscow Conference decided to adjourn where it could not agree. Mr. Hull spoke encouragingly but ambiguously of the general progress made towards further co-operation, including the forthcoming arrival in the U.S.A. of a Russian monetary expert to discuss exchange and commerce.

Who is Responsible?

The guarded tone of recent critical Press comment reflects only in small part the deep and widespread public concern and disillusion caused by Allied conduct of the war in the Mediterranean. So far as Italy is concerned, disappointment at the slow rate of progress arises probably through under-estimating the difficulties of the terrain and, still more, through misconception of the Allies' purpose. Had the intention been to reach the Alps with all possible speed, presumably the plan of campaign would have been quite different. From the way in which the offensive has been developed, the only reasonable deduction is that General Eisenhower desires to force the enemy to fight, at the end of long and vulnerable communications, a gradual war of attrition. Not spectacular nor, perhaps, ultimately economical of lives; but at least a "safe," methodical plan. It is when our strategy in the Aegean is considered that the layman finds more madness than method, and a complete disregard of every element of prudence. The islands of Cos, Leros and Samos, surrounded by enemy air and naval bases, were occupied by British forces in September. The natural inference was that this venturesome *coup de main* was preliminary to a planned offensive against either Rhodes, Crete or the Peloponnese. Two months have passed, but no such operation has been launched. Yet, though Cos was overwhelmed by the enemy on October 6th, the garrison of Leros, now crushed in its turn by incessant dive-bombing, was left to its fate. Whose is the responsibility?

The King Digs In

Victor Emmanuel's refusal to abdicate, and the refusal of Count Sforza, Croce and other Liberal democrats to take any part in forming a Government under a monarchy so deeply compromised with Fascism, presented the Allies with a choice between two alternatives. The replacement of Amgot by the new Allied Control Commission made it necessary to have a departmentalised Italian administration with which the Commission could have relations. Either, then, General Eisenhower must insist on the king's abdication, or a provisional Government must be formed under Badoglio consisting of officials, with no participation from political parties, no title to represent the popular will of liberated Italy, and no radical difference in its complexion from a Fascist Government of under-secretaries. It is the second alternative which the Allies have chosen. The excuse for this flagrant departure from the brave professions of the Moscow Conference is, apparently, that the wishes of the bulk of the Italian people cannot yet be ascertained. Will their assessment be possible when Rome is captured? The same excuse can logically be still given then for an extension of Victor Emmanuel's franchise. But what prospects are there for popular forces in Italy ever expressing their will effectively if the Crown's writ, enforced by a Junta of reactionary generals and "penitent' ex-Fascist officials, is given a fresh lease over the whole of Italy under the protection of Anglo-American armies?

Friends and Foes in Yugoslavia

Sir Henry Maitland Wilson's warning to "certain men who are dishonouring the name of Chetnik by helping the Germans in their vain attempts to subdue the forces of liberation" finally confirms the view we have expressed about the position of at least part of the army of War Minister Mihailovitch. The attempt of the *Times* Cairo correspondent to explain away the treachery of these elements by discussing Serb-Croat hostility was not very successful. It is true that national and social antagonisms are responsible for a great deal of confusion in the internal affairs of Yugoslavia. But it is also true that for a long time before the surrender of Italy, Mihailovitch had been obtaining arms from the Italians to use against the partisan armies led by Tito. Some of his units undeniably lent their support to the Germans. Not all the claims to British support and propaganda about Tito's "Bolshevik Republic" can hide that fact. So far the British Government has continued to support King Peter, and it still props up a Yugoslav Cabinet of functionaries which has no authority in its own country. The British commander in the Middle East has now spoken clearly, and King Peter and his government are reported to be returning to this country. Mr. Churchill—and the British public—will have to take a realistic view of the Yugoslav muddle and decide to support the great bulk of the resistance movement that is unequivocably against the Axis.

Still Famine

There is no improvement to report in the misery and mortality that famine and cholera are causing in Bengal. From other stricken regions there is no news. The prospects for relief are decidedly better since Lord Wavell called on the Army for help; grain is, moreover, arriving from overseas. But relief, urgent and important as it is, does not touch the real causes of this catastrophe. What mattered much more than any deficiency of imported rice was the steady all-round process of price-inflation, which has been going on gradually for four years. Until the other day, when it led to a famine which will cause millions of deaths, the Central Government in Delhi and the India Office looked on with that magnificent inertia which always characterises them when the welfare of the masses is at stake. They drop their habits of *laissez-faire* only when they take to coercion. What we have been saying to this effect for over a year was said—very plainly if with restraint—in the recent Commons debate, by Sir George Schuster, a former Finance Member of the Viceroy's Council. In an all-round indictment he maintained, as we have done, that the Central Government had ample powers which it would not use. It showed "weakness and vacillation" and "a total failure to devise and apply a sound financial policy." Very little leaks out from Delhi about the debate on the famine in the Legislative Assembly: not one word that a speaker as able and responsible as Mr. Joshi said is reported. But in its apology the Central Government through Mr. Hutching has at last promised statutory all-round price control. Whether it even now in the obstructive recesses of its old-world mind believes in control and means to carry it out with a will, remains to be seen. It was also conceded, in the same speech, that the problem is partly "psychological." In other words, as we urged on the first news of this famine, the peasant does not trust the Government, and will not respond to its propaganda. The only moral force he might obey is Congress and Mr. Gandhi. Will Lord Wavell, the most human Viceroy India has seen for a generation, have a free hand to deal with that tangle? Not, we fear, while Mr. Amery presides over the India Office.

"Mutual Aid" in Practice

Lease-Lend, now officially named "Mutual Aid," is giving rise to a great deal of discussion in the United States, where a number of political statisticians are enjoying themselves trying to count up how much Great Britain will owe Uncle Sam by the end of the war. Such comparisons are not helpful, partly because counting is out of place, partly because a good many items cannot be translated at all into figures, and partly because either country, by letting prices rip, can build up on paper a formidable account against the other. The figures cited in last week's White Paper—for what they are worth—show that in the year ending in June 1943 Great Britain supplied goods and services valued at £216 millions to United States forces in this country, provides a good deal that cannot be estimated in money. Total Lease-Lend to the Soviet Union up to the same date came to £187 millions, and aid to other allies, up to December 1942, to £186 millions. In all, Lease-Lend items, as far as they can be counted, come at present to about 10 per cent. of current war expenditure—a proportion which may be compared with the estimate of 12 per cent. of United States expenditure given in May by President Roosevelt. But Lease-Lend is classified in our case by the item "payments made to other United Nations in excess of sums received from them." The figures for this given in the White Paper is £2,250 millions up to June 1943, including of course large payments made to the United States outside Lease-Lend. If it amuses some Americans to tot up astronomical bills we shall owe them, nobody can stop them.

Parliament: Blockade Runners Routed

There were some able speeches in last week's debate on food and medical relief for Greece and Belgium. Members who wanted the Government to relax the blockade (all but one of those who spoke before the Minister) seemed to be having the best of the argument; but Dingle Foot, who admitted that he represented a "Ministry of Denial," insisted firmly and coolly that *any* relaxation must help the enemy. Even the help already sent to Greece had benefited the Germans: "I do not for one moment regret that we did it . . . There is no such thing in these matters as a completely watertight scheme, and the question that has to be decided in each case is whether the possible advantage to our friends outweighs the certain advantage to the enemy. In the case of Greece, and Greece alone, we decided that it did."

By far the most eloquent speech in this debate was by Harold Nicolson, lately home from Sweden and claiming impressively that Foot was "disregarding the conscience of the neutral world." Nicolson's oratory is as polished as his writing; and he speaks without notes. His only fault is, at moments of excitement, a slight want of depth in the voice. M.E.W., he said, was a "mushroom, possibly fungoid," department, less flexible than older institutions, and even "a little muscle-bound." Mr. Harvey, a beloved veteran of humanitarianism, also spoke with deep emotion. Almost in tears, he said, "I used to think that the Economic Man was a miserable figment of the economists, a horrible bloodless creature without a heart and without imagination. I believe the

n the Ministry of Economic Warfare the Economic Man exists." Hugh Molson alone, most pompous of young Tories, urged the Minister to "stand firmly to his guns"; which he did, despite Bill Brown's conjuration of his "noble father."

The other main debate on European affairs dragged a bit uncertainly on to Eden's Moscow report) consisted chiefly of ritual congratulations by good-natured bores. Tom Driberg, however, raised the question of the Greek monarchy, on which he wanted a plebiscite before the King's return to Greece and the promised elections. He spoke with some restraint, saying that this king was "obviously a much more reputable and respectable figure to us than, for instance, King Victor Emmanuel"—which Godfrey Nicholson, rising to a point of order, complained obscurely was an "attack" on the King of the Hellenes. Kenneth Pickthorn (reactionary but, consciously, funny) denounced Driberg's "dangerous principle" that every enemy-occupied country "must, in becoming unoccupied, start absolutely from scratch." He said that we should not "overdo this crying-up democracy" and (parodying the Prime Minister's "temerarious" vocabulary) that democracy was "a tribiguous or even a polybiguous word": was Italian democracy to be of the Eden, the Harriman, or the Voroshilov brand? If everything Fascist was bad, were the Pontine Marshes to be reflooded?

Cunningham-Reid was involved in another nasty tiff. Members take a preparatory-school-boyish delight in mobbing this unpopular figure. It was not quite clear if he had been, in fact, as irresponsible in his allegations against the Y.W.C.A. hostel warden as Morrison declared he had; and Winterton's overheated challenge to him to repeat his allegations outside the House seemed to be also, in a sense, a challenge to Privilege.

Issues dealt with at question time included the franchise of travelling showmen, taxi-cab sharing, and the disinfestation of prison bed-boards (to spare prisoners "additional irritation"). The Prime Minister turned down flatly Lipson's request for a debate on housing. Sir Herbert Williams wondered wistfully if "a Chinese lady" could not be included in the impending Chinese Mission to this country.

PONTIFEX MINOR.

[NOTE: Sir George Schuster was inadvertently described last week as a Tory. He is Lib. Nat.].

THE LEBANON TANGLE

BETWEEN them, the people of the Lebanon and the Fighting French have made an ugly problem for each other and for us. Both sides acted with haste and ill-temper and both will have to withdraw from the uncompromising positions they occupied. Behind the local crisis there are unsolved problems of strategy and power affecting the whole Mediterranean region. With these issues Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin may deal in a provisional way, if, as we expect, they are soon to meet. In the meanwhile General Catroux, who has given proof of his tact and good sense in other entanglements, may do something to restore better feeling. If he fails that responsibility will fall to the British Government. Its armies won Syria and the Lebanon for the Fighting French and it underwrote the promise of independence which the Lebanese appeal. Beirut, moreover, is an important base for the operations of the Ninth Army. It is probable that hectic reporters exaggerated the disorders which broke the peace of this city, but it is imperative that contentment as well as order should be quickly restored. What has happened here offers material which Axis propaganda can use and has used with some success throughout the Arabic and Islamic worlds. We hope, none the less, that British intervention may be unnecessary. The last thing we should wish is that by tactless words or rough acts the self-respect of our French allies should be hurt, or their prestige lowered.

The difficulty of this question is that the nationalism of the Lebanese people is at issue with an ancient French tradition. In spite of their divisions, the people are probably better suited to manage their own affairs than any others in the Arabic-speaking world. Two universities, one of them run by Americans and the other by Jesuits, have for long made Beirut a centre of culture. The country, which boasts a fertile coastal, terraced valleys and a good port, as well as its superb and dazzling mountains, is relatively well-to-do. Its numerous middle-class, good linguists with a Western education, found employment readily all over the Levant and especially in Egypt. About 50 per cent. of the population is Christian; about 40 per cent. is Muslim, while the remaining 10 per cent. are Druses, whose romantic traditions go back to the days of the Crusades. Fierce as were the feuds of these three sections of a population which numbers only about a million, it seems to-day to be united in solid opposition to the French. It is rarely that nationalism develops in the East apart from religion, but in this case it finds a symbol in the Arabic language of all three sects and a conviction in the memory of autonomy which it enjoyed even under the Turks.

Neither here nor in Syria proper were the people happy under the French mandate. The old trick of dividing to rule worked ill, and in the end failed to keep the sympathies even of the Maronite Catholics, always the *protégés* of France. Towards the end of the decadent Third Republic it was rarely the more honourable type of French official who made his career in these territories. During the brief era of the Popular Front, a generous treaty which gave independence to Syria and the Lebanon was negotiated and initialled, but in the period of reaction which followed Léon Blum's premiership the Chamber refused to ratify it. That experience accounts for the suspicions which have inflamed Lebanese nationalism in its dealings with the Fighting French. What General de Gaulle did in 1941 was not to promise independence: he granted it. To-day he relegates it to the distant future.

On the French side ancient traditions as well as recent experiences must be taken into account, if we would understand the state of mind of the de Gaullistes in Algiers. The interest of the French in this part of the Levant dates from the Crusades. The Sublime Porte, even in its proudest days, recognised France as the protector of the Catholics in the Ottoman Empire, and more especially of the Maronites. French missions and schools were throughout the last century a source of influence which even anti-clerical Radicals fostered. Both the Napoleons played at imperialism on these coasts. When mandates were allotted, the League recognised that Syria fell naturally to France, as her sphere of interest. In the hour of humiliation and defeat Vichy would not let it go, and fought to retain it. This possessive attitude is entitled to no more sympathy or respect than other manifestations of Imperialism. In spite of their cultural gifts the French failed to win the Syrians. But when this is said, we must face the difficulties of General de Gaulle. It is hard for him, bent as he is on restoring the greatness of liberated France, to surrender pretensions in which French pride has centred for so many centuries—pretensions which even Vichy defended. Just because the French have endured years of bitter humiliation we must expect them to be over-sensitive in everything that touches their national prestige.

The actual matters in dispute should not be difficult to settle by a provisional compromise. The Lebanon is a base and Beirut is a port which the forces of the United Nations must use and control for the duration of the war. To that extent the autonomy of the Lebanese Republic must be limited. On the other hand it is reasonable that it should control the customs and enjoy their revenues. That, we gather, is the chief concrete issue in dispute. The Lebanese acted hastily when they altered their own constitution by a unilateral act and shook off without consulting the French their former status under the League's mandate. But no impatience on their part can excuse the outrage which M. Helleu committed when he dissolved their newly elected Parliament and arrested their President and Premier, who had a nearly unanimous electorate behind them. That wrong must be undone: though it is unlikely that M. Helleu acted without superior direction, he will have to go. For the duration of the war the *de facto* autonomy of the Lebanon should be recognised in all its internal affairs.

When the Lebanese claim their promised "independence" on the spot, the answer cannot be so simple. The objection of the French that only the non-existent League or some successor yet to be created can relieve them of their mandate is doubtless sound in law. What disturbs us is rather the unrealistic use of this word "independence." A little State with a million inhabitants who cannot make a plane, a tank or even a gun cannot in this modern world be "independent." It must depend on others both for protection and for the substance of its economic life. An orderly world can assure its safety and free it from subjection to the will of any single Power: no charter, however liberal, could do more. That problem will recur, in Europe as in Asia, in every chapter of the coming Settlement. It remains to be seen how far what Mr. Churchill has called "the Council of Europe"—a term which should include all the shores of the Mediterranean—can protect such helpless little States as Syria and Lebanon. They might be linked as somewhat subordinate allies with France, as Egypt and Irak are linked to Britain. The folly of these arrests may disincline Lebanese and Syrians to accept that solution.

Another possibility is that all the Arabic-speaking States may form a confederation for mutual defence. All these units are backward and in a military sense weak, while some of them are primitive. Egypt, relatively wealthy though she is, is hardly strong enough to serve as a focus round which the rest might rally. A league of these weak units, with poor communications and no large-scale industry, would hardly be stronger than the separate units. To glorify this weak structure, as some propose, by restoring the Caliphate, would only add to it a shoddy touch of false romance. This solution, moreover, raises the unhappy problem of Palestine, which cannot be settled on the lines of Mr. Macdonald's White Paper without exposing us to charges of callousness and ill-faith. If an Arab Confederation based on nationalist sentiment and British patronage should be realisable, the Jews would have a right to ask for something more substantial than paper guarantees; nor could a confederation so experimental become at once the guardian of the Suez Canal. Whatever be the future of this project, it is clear that for a generation to come order and progress in this part of the world will have to depend on the "general international organisation"—to use the formula of the Moscow Conference—which has to be built after the war. The less it is a camouflage for the great Empires the better will it be for the world's peace. Some military force—British, French or mixed—will have to garrison this region, even if it federates.

In this awkward affair, the first rule of wisdom is that we should keep our sense of proportion. The Lebanese have been harshly used: whatever happens they must get redress and the autonomy to which they are entitled. At the same time we have to think of our future relations with the French people which matters more to us and to Europe than a dozen Lebanons. While they are sore and painfully conscious of their dependence on Washington and London, it would be easy to destroy in advance the friendship which ought to link us to the liberated France of to-morrow. The ugliest thing that could happen would be that we should seem to use this awkward affair as a pretext for ousting France, while she is weak, from the Levant. Statesmanship on the part of Mr. Casey and General Spears is as important as on the part of General Catroux.

A LONDON DIARY

Gossip is wrong in saying that Michael Foot has been sacked from the editorship of the *Evening Standard* for writing *The Trial of Mussolini*. He was not sacked, and remains on good terms with Lord Beaverbrook, who includes, among his odd assortment of good and bad qualities, a remarkable capacity for tolerating the heresies of his staff. I gather that editor and proprietor agreed that to run a paper like the *Evening Standard* was not really compatible with writing personal political polemics. How far Lord Beaverbrook cared that in this case the polemics constituted a terrific indictment of his colleagues in the Cabinet, I don't know: perhaps he found it amusing. Anyway, the upshot was that Foot ceased to edit the *Standard* and is to write signed articles in the Beaverbrook press. Sidney Elliot, who made his name as editor of *Reynolds*, will, I believe, succeed Foot; he is an able fellow with good ideas and he no doubt will sustain the tradition of Michael Foot and Frank Owen. But we are bound to miss Foot from the *Standard*. Foot is almost alone among young writers in having that fire in his belly that used to consume the great generation of crusading journalists.

* * *

I have recently heard two criticisms of Lord Woolton, one the expert view that he has fed us all too well and that we should have done better in the war if we had tightened our belts more and allowed more shipping space for other things, and the other that Lord Woolton is a Jew, which would in any case be irrelevant, but which happens to be untrue. In assessing Lord Woolton's chances at his new job, it is important to understand the nature of his achievement at the Ministry of Food. He has been the efficient head of an expert staff; the technique of food rationing was carefully thought out before the war and run during it by quite first-class temporary and permanent Civil Servants. Lord Woolton's particular merit has been to understand that he is a servant of the public. Perhaps he has been aided by his experience as the director of a great departmental stores. From the time of his appointment at the Ministry of Food letters addressed to the Minister have been personally and carefully answered. Grievances have received attention.

* * *

I have sometimes heard foolish people speak as if this kind of service was an unworthy way of seeking publicity and popularity. In fact it is the Minister's job in the new kind of positive State to learn the kind of marketing research and organisation which the more progressive types of big business were beginning to do before the war. If five women from Little Puddlington write and say that they have no fish, while the women of Great Piddleton have fish, it is right and proper that they should receive both an explanation and supplies as soon as possible. But the job to which Lord Woolton moves now is of quite different character. His powers are as yet unknown, but whatever they are, and however much personal staff he has, the nature of this job must be to persuade difficult departments of old standing and pride of place to fit their plans with those of other departments. Secondly the Minister must override those private interests which he cannot persuade and he must not spend too much time trying to persuade them. Democratic planning is the most difficult of arts. It must be democratic in the sense that the views of interested parties must be attended to, but also in the sense that the only interest that is allowed to prevail must be that of the public. I don't know whether Lord Woolton is sufficiently tough, and I fear that he will dislike to be unpopular with people of influence.

* * *

On Sunday night the B.B.C, celebrated its 21st Birthday with a most interesting programme and recollections from the past. This followed a sensible postscript by Barbara Ward, who is on the staff of the *Economist*. Does this mean that the B.B.C. has at last realised how much has been lost by destroying the original idea of the Sunday evening postscripts? Barbara Ward talked about political and economic ideas and the ethical basis on which they must rest. This is what a Sunday night postscript should do, and I hope that the B.B.C. will follow up this excellent precedent with talks by other informed people who are not solemn and have progressive minds and a serious purpose.

* * *

Louis Fischer's *A Week with Gandhi* (Allen & Unwin, 6s.) is one of the most conciliatory as well as one of the most interesting documents that has come out of India during the war. That must be the reason why it is banned in India. It has none of that rather acrid anti-British flavour which so annoyed the British authorities in the articles which Fischer contributed to the New York *Nation* after his return. (I answered those articles myself when I was in America a year ago; Fischer seemed to me to tell only half of the story of why the Cripps mission failed.) In this book, which is an honest record of a week spent in Gandhi's "ashram" before he, Nehru and the others were arrested, Fischer describes how he challenged Gandhi's demand that the British should withdraw from India by saying that that was surely impossible, since it might mean a Japanese victory. Gandhi, he says, stopped to think for at least two minutes and then agreed with him. He proposed instead that the British should have an alliance with India on the lines, I suppose, of the treaty with Egypt; that there should be an Indian national government, which would, he said, very likely wish to collaborate much more actively in the war than Gandhi himself would like, and that the British should have full freedom to use Indian bases and the co-operation of an Indian volunteer army. Fischer was to carry messages of conciliation to the Viceroy, and Gandhi gave him a letter to Mr. Roosevelt. I suppose the subsequent arrests made all this very quickly out of date. As a personal document of Gandhi's conversation, and as a description of the life of his "ashram," Fischer's little book will be of permanent value. He rightly stresses Gandhi's habit of thinking aloud; his way of explaining both his conclusion and different stages of thought which lead to it, and he quotes Gandhi as saying (his career fully justifies the remark) "I am essentially a man of compromise, because I am never sure that I am right." He explains the apparent contradictions of Gandhi's policy by saying that "the yearning for India's independence takes precedence in him over everything else, even over his belief in non-violence. At least, he can work on terms of the friendliest co-operation with men like Nehru, Azad and Rajagopalachari who, he knows, are not pacifists, but he could not work with enemies of Indian freedom. . . . Gandhi's life is single-tracked; he wants a free India."

* * *

The most interesting point about the Board of Education's pamphlet on Sex Education is that those schools and youth organisations which have the pluck to be frank on the subject find nowadays that parents are grateful and not angry. The excuse for evasion has always been that the parents would be shocked; now, to quote an apparently typical case, a mother goes to a headmistress who has discontinued school sex-teaching and complains: "My girl will be leaving school in a few weeks and you haven't taught her about babies as you did her sister." The evidence suggests that sex education is better done in class than at home. There is none of that embarrassment that seems always to arise between parents and children. I wonder how many attempts by fathers to instruct their sons on the facts of life have ended on the lines of Farjeon's skit, where you will remember that, after much talk by father, the boy says, "Say, Dad, does Mother know about this?"

* * *

Two portraits now on show at the National Gallery make a very curious contrast: Holbein's Duchess of Milan, which has been brought to London to celebrate the 400th anniversary of the painter's death, and Kokoschka's Maiski, which has been added to the War Artists' Exhibition. This is a dazzling piece of work, but the features and the character it presents are wonderfully different from those that I know in Mr. Maisky. Perhaps the friends of the Duchess of Milan found Holbein's view of her equally peculiar. What with daily concerts, and a continuous series of exhibitions, and two canteens, the National Gallery has been put to very full use during the war; so that we are all grateful to the Trustees and to the Director, Sir Kenneth Clark. There are lectures also; and Sir Kenneth is lecturing there himself next Tuesday at 5.15 on English painting and the English romantic poets.

* * *

A solicitor, driving during the small hours along a suburban high road, was held up at traffic lights for what he thought an unconscionable time. Thinking the lights must be out of order, he raised an ear-piercing din with his horn to attract an impassive constable standing by. The constable at length responded, and just as the lights changed to green he began a carefully worded caution on the subject of sounding motor horns at night. "But surely motor horns are not prohibited in the black-out?" asked the astonished solicitor. "Everyone uses them; you must use them unless you want to add to the general slaughter." In practise in the Police Courts every day, and since the war began I have heard of no prosecutions for hooting at night. You'll find that you're mistaken, constable." But no; the constable had done his thinking during the maddening interval before he allowed his official attention to be engaged. "If you do it again in my hearing," he said, writing licence numbers and things in his book, "I shall prosecute you." The solicitor has since found that the bobby was right. It is still unlawful to sound a motor horn in a "built-up area" between 11.30 p.m. and 7 a.m. This continued prohibition (it started in 1934) is certainly not due to any oversight, for it was re-enacted in 1941 as No. 78 of the Motor Vehicles (Construction and Use) Regulations. I suppose the wartime speed limit of 20 m.p.h. and the black-out is thought a sufficient protection for the pedestrian. But it's odd to recall that when, early in 1941, the legislators were busy redrafting the anti-hooting regulation, which was designed in peacetime to ensure quiet nights in the towns, the blitz was thundering nightly at its worst.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to Sam Walsh.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

It is doubly regrettable that when Mr. Pethick Lawrence opened the debate on famine in India in the House of Commons, not more than 35 members were present. Dr. Goebbels would naturally make the most of such a fact, without disclosing the circumstance that it was lunch time.—*Bolton Evening News.*

Parlourmaid or House-Parlourmaid required at once for quiet country house in Devon, near Exeter; two in family, five staff: must be thoroughly experienced and have highest references.—Advt. in the *Times*.

Young titled lady, small size, shoes 3, offers £20 monthly for young titled lady's complete wardrobe. Banker's reference.—From the *Lady*.

Long waiting list in Poor Persons Department of Divorce Court, caused Tottenham man and wife to resume married life.—*News Chronicle*.

Wealth is indicated neither by capital nor income but by the amount the individual spends—a millionaire is no better off than the bank clerk if he only spends £500 a year.—*Daily Telegraph*.

SPORT OR FOOD?

we define the word "racket" as "an anti-cial activity, carried on by a number of persons, d backed by vast financial resources," we shall ve an exact description of some aspects of Game eserving, as it was carried on up to the out-eak of the war. During the war some checks its worst activities have been imposed by the inistry of Agriculture, but much more needs to done. Thousands of acres of good food-oducing land have been thrown out of cultivation, d the yield of much more has been diminished. The main cause of the present indefensible posi-n is the long period of agricultural depression hich marked the years between the two great rs. World prices of almost all farm products re at a level which spelt ruin to cultivators. rain and meat were first affected, and fruit and iry products later. The result was that the ler generation of landowners found it impossible carry on, and estates were sold and broken up over the country.

In a very large number of cases the new owners re industrialists and business men from the at cities, who had made huge fortunes during war of 1914-18, and were now determined to themselves up as country gentlemen. For s they required hunting, shooting and fishing hts, which they knew would give them a place county society, and they cared for nothing ept sport. The effect on the countryside was astrous. Moors, mountains and woodlands were ced off as never before, footpaths were closed, d bathing pools converted into death traps by merged stakes festooned with barbed wire.

The tenant farmer's position was greatly rsened. The old landlords had sometimes n too autocratic, but at least they were country-n, who had lived on their estates for generations. ey derived their income from the land, and y wanted it to pay. They could share the mer's instinctive feeling that there was some-ng *wicked* in allowing good land to become ked with weeds. The new Game Preserving downers were quite different. Their main omes were derived from industry, and not from ir estates. Further they were townsmen, with city man's idea that food is something you get m a shop.

I was talking recently to a most efficient farmer o had been all his life on the land, as had his estors before him. Shortly before the out-ak of the war he gave up farming in despair. had been talking to his landlord about his ficulties, and particularly about the state of an oining field.

"My dear man," retorted the industrialist, hat are you grumbling about? I don't care amn whether that field is full of corn or of tles!"

This attitude of the landlord made the farmer's ition hopeless. The woods were owned and trolled by the game-preserver, and the rabbits pheasants sheltered there did enormous nage to the farmer's crops. Shortly before the I counted fifty-seven pheasants feeding in a ll cornfield alongside a game covert.

This cannot occur to-day because the artificial ding of pheasants has been prohibited, and r excessive numbers thereby reduced, but a ert full of rabbits is still a peril to crops in oining fields. It is true that the County A.E.C. now has power to enter woodlands and troy rabbits, upon a complaint that serious nage *has been done*, but why wait till then?

Fly-fishing would seem to have little to do with iculture, but it is a fact that thousands of acres ood food-producing land have been ruined by ding caused by selfish fishing interests, and many e are in peril. In 1929 the position was so ous that it was estimated that half a million s of land had gone out of production through ding. The Government was alarmed, and so ed the Land Drainage Act of 1930, by which chment Boards were set up, giving for the time unified control of drainage on our rivers. he time of writing 163 main river schemes have been put in hand, and the area of land which is either out of production, or going out, has been reduced to 250,000 acres. Even this is a grave matter in wartime, since if planted to potatoes it would produce about a million and three-quarter tons of food.

Not all this flooding is due to fishing interests. The lower Trent problem was caused by the flood water from the City of Birmingham, and the same thing has happened in other places, but it is certain that the deliberate raising of the river level in fishing rivers is a major cause of permanent flooding. Hundreds of water-mills have become derelict, and most of them have been purchased by fly-fishermen in order to use the water for sport.

Here the hatches are manipulated to cause an artificially high level in the stream, which passes over a "tumble" or unsluiced weir. These unsluiced weirs, and the failure of fishing owners to clear the stream of weeds and mud, are a major cause of flooding. It has been estimated that at least 400 acres of land are flooded by *each* of these unsluiced weirs, but the Trent Catchment Board at Tamworth recently reclaimed 1,500 acres of land through abolishing *one* of them. The premier trout stream is the Hampshire Test, and here—though space forbids my giving details—it is enough to say that about nine thousand acres of good land have already been ruined, or are in process of being destroyed, solely through the action of fishing interests. These interests have bitterly opposed the extension of the Catchment Board's powers to the Upper Test.

Of all Game Preserving Rackets, the deer forest is by far the worst. The area of land depopulated for sport runs into *millions*—not thousands—of acres, and to create a solitude for deer thousands of cottages were burnt down, and their inhabitants were scattered, or carried overseas like cattle. The most extensive and brutal of these clearances were carried out by the orders of the Duchess of Sutherland between 1814 and 1820. An eye-witness says of one such attack "Strong parties . . . furnished with faggots and other combustibles, rushed on the dwellings of these devoted people, and immediately commenced setting fire to them, proceeding in their work with the greatest rapidity till about three hundred houses were in flames. . . . Many deaths ensued from alarm, from fatigue and cold; the people being instantly deprived of shelter, and left to the mercy of the elements."

It is true that originally some of these clearances, and especially those in Sutherlandshire, were not effected for sport, but in order to replace crofters by sheep. The very first of the clearances, that of Glen Tilt in 1784, was carried out in order to create a deer forest of a hundred thousand acres, but when a glen was cleared of crofters and devoted to sheep ranching, this was only a stage on the way to a deer forest. The Report of the Departmental Committee (Nov., 1921) declares:

"When once the large sheep farms had been created, their conversion into deer forests became . . . not only easy but almost inevitable."

During a critical period of the last war, when our need for home-produced food and man-power was exceedingly urgent, Mr. Lloyd George caused a sensation by recalling the tragedy of Sutherlandshire. He spoke of the splendid fighting qualities of the Highlanders, and added with bitter scorn: "The landlords drove them out, and replaced them with deer. The deer will not fight for us."

A Departmental Committee appointed soon after the war reported that the area of deer forests reached its zenith in 1912 at 3,584,966 acres. Owing to action taken during the war of 1914-18 the figure was reduced to 3,432,385 acres in 1920. The most important recommendations of the Committee were these:—That the extension of deer forests be forbidden by statute. That deer forests should be classified so that all which are suitable for carrying sheep or cattle should be restored to that use, and only deer forests *fit for no other purpose* should remain as such. That the law of "March Fences" should be amended. At present the owner of a deer forest can compel the owners of adjacent sheep farms to pay for the erection of "March Fences" which exclude the sheep from the deer forest, but admit the deer to the sheep ground. None of these proposals have been acted upon, and the area of deer forests in 1942 was 3,237,265 acres. This shows a small reduction on the figure of 1920, and is no doubt due to action taken by the Secretary of State during this war, to compel owners of a few deer forests to carry stock.

It is a grim side-light on this neglect to point out that during those wasted years the population of the Highlands declined by a further one hundred thousand. In his book *The Highlands of Scotland*, published 1936, Mr. Quigley points out that the ruin caused to Scotland by game preservers is not limited to the elimination of crofters, farmers, and farm-workers, but "has extended to communications as well; inns, hotels and guest houses have been kept down to a minimum. In a very large section of the Highlands, and particularly in Inverness-shire, all the influence of the landlords has been used to prevent the construction of hotels and guest houses, to obstruct the extension of existing hotels and to deter the traditional hospitality of the Highland people. In certain areas there is a veto on the right of any householder to give hospitality to a traveller, no matter what the weather conditions may be."

This explains why it is that some of the most magnificent scenery in the Highlands is almost as inaccessible to tourists as if it were situated in the Sahara Desert. The considerable development of the Lake District for holiday makers during recent years is a working model of the prosperity which might come to the Highlands if the deer-stalkers were swept away, and these splendid mountains were freely open to visitors from our crowded towns.

GEORGE LONG

JACQUES ON BEVERIDGE

All the world's a workhouse,
And men and women mostly merely paupers,
Liable to accident and unemployment,
Industrial disease and disability,
And doomed from year to year to rot and rot.
But under State Insurance for Security,
Contributory or non-contributory,
Behold the poor from extreme want relieved.
Throughout their seven ages. First the infant
Mewling and puking of pre-natal benefit,
(Assessed for the unborn at eighteen shillings,
The baby's fifty-fifty split with Ma).
And then the schoolboy, started with eight bob,
Creeping like snail towards school-leaving age
With fifteen shillings training maintenance;
And next the stripling, with one pound a week,
Passing through courtship to the marriage dowry,
A statutory tenner; then the husband,
Protected by the housewife's policy,
And pension (joint) of forty shillings (basic)
Plus extra unemployment compensation.
And then the father,
With multiplying family allowances
(Eight shillings for each pair of pattering feet)
His dwelling crammed with under-age dependants,
And so he earns his meed. The next age shifts
To the progressive old-age-pensioner,
With fourteen silver shillings in his poke,
Rising in twenty years to five-and-twenty—
His lifetime's aches doctored by State physicians,
Both domiciliary and institutional
Who sullenly dispense his medicine.
And so he earns the final gift of all,
Saved by the universal funeral grant
From life's last accident, a pauper's grave
Sans shroud, sans bier, sans hearse, sans everything.

SAGITTARIUS

CHRISTMAS. Give a postal subscription to this paper to a member of the Forces or a friend overseas. *Rates on page* 337.

THE SIGHTED, THE BLIND AND THE DEAF

To talk with one who, blind from birth, carried as many intellectual guns as the more intelligent of the "sighted" was a new experience. Like most of the "sighted," I had unconsciously adopted an attitude of mixed compassion and superiority, the former appropriate to my kindly nature, the latter commensurate with my superior opportunities; I had not been five minutes in Miss X's company before its falsity was humiliatingly exposed. Miss X had come to see me about some books she was transcribing into Braille. This was a laborious process in two stages; first, the book was read aloud and taken down by Miss X in Braille shorthand; secondly, the shorthand was read, i.e. felt over, sentences or phrases were committed to memory and then transcribed into Braille long-hand script. Braille books are exceedingly cumbrous and the modest work of 360-odd pages which was being then transcribed ran into four large Braille volumes of 160 pages each. This cumbrous procedure is not of course necessary; nor is it usual, most books in the Braille library being transcribed by volunteer sighted readers. Having described her work Miss X proceeded to discourse upon the experience of being blind.

"I can't," she said, "conceive of pictures. A picture I understand to be a device whereby an object of three dimensions is represented in two. Now my only experience of an object of three dimensions is that of touch and what I can't conceive is how your head, which I can feel all round as having length and breadth and depth, can be reduced to a flat surface on which it has length and breadth only." "Again," she went on, "I have no conception of anything which is either too large or too small to touch; no conception of a grain of sand or of a house. The best I can do in the way of conceiving a house is to walk all round it, touching it as I go. I once adopted this method in order to find out what a camel was like. When I reached the front part of the animal it bent down what must have been its head—not having touched it, I had not yet placed the head—and began to consume my hat."

I reflected that if I were blind, I should be a staunch practical adherent of the sense data theory of perception—the view that the outside world as revealed to sense experience consists of raps of sound, smells, patches of colour, felt surfaces and textures, and not of the physical objects which are normally supposed to underlie these data and tack them together—with which I in common with most modern philosophers have long played as a theory. Resisting the temptation to entangle Miss X into a discussion of philosophical theories of the nature of the external world, I contented myself with a trite comment on the many and unexpected disabilities of blindness. "No doubt," she said, "but have you ever thought of our one trump card, the one solid advantage which we possess over the sighted?" I made the obvious suggestion about the compensating, additional sensibility of the senses of touch and hearing. "Perhaps," she replied, "but I was thinking of the advantage of being able to read in bed on a cold night with both head and arms and book under the bed clothes! And you can add to that the advantage of not being put to the trouble and expense of black-out in the bedroom."

She went on to dwell upon the likenesses between the blind and the sighted, insisting that the world of the blind was only a sample cross-section of the world of the sighted.

"For example," she said, "when Louis Braille first invented the Braille script in the eighties his 'letters' were quickly standardised among all the European countries. But the Americans stood out. Rampant with individualism and still in the throes of independence, they insisted on a script of their own, a script peculiar to Americans. So every single one of Braille's letters was slightly modified, or adorned with a special loop or twist. This became such a nuisance that early in this century a Conference was called to standardise the Braille script. The Americans came into line on every point except one—the reproduction in Braille of the words for the Christian deities. I ought to explain that Braille makes no special provision for capital letters. A capital is indicated by a sign before the initial letter of a word. This naturally takes space, a consideration of importance when you are printing a book of Braille. One of the earliest books to be printed was, of course, the Bible, and the convention was established among English and European transcribers of indicating the names of the Christian deities with the initial letter only. Thus, in English, G stood for God, C for Christ, J for Jesus. The Americans could not accept this. It was derogatory, they said, to the majesty of God to abbreviate his name; to indicate him by an initial might be—they could not be quite sure, but they did not want to take the risk—blasphemy. They had their way, with the result that each chapter under this new system takes up on an average four more lines than it did when these constantly recurring names were indicated by their initial letters."

We spoke of books for the blind. The morals of the blind are more carefully protected than those of the sighted, and upon their books the hand of the censor lies heavy. Or did; in her school *Hamlet* Miss X found many of the pimples that the blind feel flattened out; industriously she poked them up with the pricker with which Braille is written, with the result that when she came to read *Hamlet* to the class her mistress was startled to hear a number of unexpected passages. Miss X blandly defended herself by saying that she felt them in her copy.

Inevitably, we came to the controversy with regard to the respective values of the senses of sight and hearing. Of which is it the more disabling to be deprived? "Of hearing," said Miss X. But I pointed out that this was not fair; she had learnt the technique of managing without sight, the loss of which seemed, therefore, less formidable than the loss of a sense upon which she had become abnormally dependent. "Suppose," I said, "you were to start from scratch?"

But Miss X had much to say in her defence, citing, for example, the attitude of her fellow human beings. Blindness calls out most of the best in most of us. We are compassionate and considerate to the blind; they arouse our feelings of protection, and we help them when we can. The deaf make us irritable. They will not consent to *be* deaf, but insist on straining to hear, making us shout at them. When they can't hear in spite of our shouting, they are apt to be irritable with us and blame us for not speaking up. Also the deaf shout and tend to be bores. For these and other reasons we tend to be horrid to the deaf, and the deaf, shut up within themselves, desperately anxious to make contact with their kind, are quick to notice our avoidance of them and are apt to become testy, resentful and embittered. The blind, in fact, are nicer than the deaf, because the world is nicer to the blind, and, so far from suffering from loneliness, deafness's most formidable disability, they are drawn into closer relations than the average with their fellows since, deprived of the sights of nature, of physical games, and of the cinema—Miss X was very interesting about the cinema; one difficulty is that the voices all come from the same *place*; another that the voices of the Americans, especially of the women, all sound the same—they are thrown back upon the development of the potentialities of human intercourse. For them, personal relations must be "the real life for ever and ever," and in this faith the eagerness of their compassionating fellows to assist them half-way confirms them. So Miss X. . . .

The case, I admit, is strong, yet I have two countervailing considerations. First, the human race looks much better than it sounds; in many of us, indeed, and particularly in women, the invention of talking has had even more disastrous effects than in the cinema. Loneliness is the terror of the young. The young are "matey"; they like to herd, to speak of love, exchange ideas. If a man is young, deafness must be a terrible deprivation. But as one gets older the conversation of one's fellows becomes less important; much of it has been heard before, much is downright silly. Moreover, one's contemporaries are apt to be bores. How they do go on about themselves and their doings! Once they have reached their anecdotage, "Have you heard this one?" they ask, undeterred by the logical fallacy which underlies their impertinence, for how can you tell whether you have heard "this one" until they have told it? As for ideas, one effects with diminishing frequency an exchange which experience has shown to be almost invariably a bad bargain. Knowing these things, the old commune less and less with their fellows, and turn for their conversation to God, to nature or to books. Blindness, then, for me when young; deafness when old.

It is the increasing boringness of the conversation of one's contemporaries, the triteness of that of one's juniors, which brings up my second consideration, which is that one cannot shut out; nor can you shut out the neighbour's wireless; nor his gramophone; nor the barkings of dogs; nor the palpitations of the internal combustion engine; nor the unchecked yelling of the human young; nor any of the other foes which, as progress advances, increasingly impede the concentration of the mind and disturb the tranquillity of the soul. God, in short, who mercifully gave us eyelids, neglected to provide us with ear-flaps, an omission which, as the world grows noisier, has become such a disability that I confidently expect that the next mutation of the purposive Life Force, concerned to evolve those characteristics which are necessary to enable individual expressions to carry life to a higher level, will be not long-livedness but the more humble acquisition of ear-flaps.

That one can, at will, shut out sights but not sounds, is a bad black mark against the sense of hearing, turning the possession of that sense into loss as well as gain; indeed, as one gets older into scarcely less loss than gain. Whereas to be sighted, in spite of the cheerfulness and good sense of Miss X, seems to me to be almost entirely gain.

C. E. M. JOAD

SPECIALISTS OR AMATEURS?

MANY factors lead to the conclusion that production in the years ahead will be on a regional rather than on a global basis. Part of the argument rests on the enormous development in the times of science and invention, making the production of previous specialities a universal possibility. Tyrian purple, for example, once the privilege of emperors, is now available to anyone who can get hold of a chemist and a bucket of coal-tar; and colour, as everyone knows, is the beginning and not the end of what you can get out of coal-tar. There are other lines, based on human factors, which lead to the same conclusion.

Since the divorce of producer from consumer the problem of the link between these two has become and still remains the great problem of economics. To many people it has seemed that this splitting should be pushed to its extreme in what is called "the division of labour." They regard any tendency towards self-sufficiency as "reactionary," and not merely a mistake, but a crime. To them the great enemy is self-contained, autarky in all its forms. There is even a tendency in some circles to think that the argument is already concluded, the issue settled, and all that is necessary is to press to the limit along the path on which we have already entered. This is not so. The argument will recur again and again. It is inherent in the nature of things and cannot be solved by an extreme acceptance of either one view or the other.

The tendency to turn this argument into a debate on morality is especially to be regretted. It is certainly necessary to remember that when eminent divines hold forth about the bank

are speaking as private individuals and not *ichadra*. It is equally necessary to remember when Assistant Secretaries of State expound the moral evils of mankind, or a considerable portion of them, can be eradicated by a ring of the Hawley-Smoot tariff, they are ly speaking beyond their book. There is a thing as wickedness, a tendency to do for its own sake, and even against one's advantage, immediate or long distance. In t, what is called "original sin." This is a ct on which the Scriptures, and even the es, are more likely to have something ble to say than the Chambers of Commerce. one thing, they have had the matter longer r consideration. Sin and evil do not originate ade treaties, even bilateral ones. If we could get that conceded we should find the con- ation of our present problems made a great easier. Besides, the record of unlimited ersal competition, either internal or inter- nal, is not so spotless that it can properly e the devotion more appropriate to the itudes.

he argument for autarky, *i.e.*, the argument st the division of labour pushed to its full h, is the argument for all-round development inst specialisation. Admittedly, a man doing things, or a community doing many things, likely to be able to do all of them, or any of , so supremely well as the man or the com- ty which does one thing and nothing else. man, like a community, poised solely upon pivot—even a very strong and well-made —is in a precarious position. He is an omic pole-squatter. You see that in agri- re, in the contest between what is called no-culture "—complete and absolute depen- e upon one crop, cotton, wheat, oranges, —as against mixed farming. You see it in tics, in the Greek ideal of the all-round man, gainst the modern athlete, who is highly alised in one thing, say, the hundred yards, nothing else. You see it in learning, in inistration, in a thousand and one fields of It is not at all surprising that the argument s also into the greatest of all questions of nisation, "What is the ideal producer-con- r layout for the community?" is a conflict which we see resolved in some communities by which we are surrounded, ly those of the insects. The ants and the have pushed the division of labour to its ate conclusion. The insect world is a world ecialists, just as our human world is a world nateurs. A man will build his house, or reap rops, or even reproduce his species, turning the one activity to the other, without being cious that he is transgressing the ideals which in pundits of our time are beginning to lay for communities, and which certain insect s have in the course of their development otyped for individuals also. The present ine is that specialisation should take as its ince the world, or in the latest phrase, be bal."

t should all the corn of the world be grown rtain selected plains? Should all the sugar e world be grown in certain selected tropics? ld all the automobiles of the world be made troit? All the fuel of the world be pumped Texas or Persia, the Caucasus or the East s? These are not axioms, but arguments. theory of unlimited free exchange, the theory h is beginning to be preached as a panacea y, says "Yes" to such questions. It is also d to say "Yes" when asked, "If at any ent some new development throws any of centres into second place for cheapness, d they be discarded at once and for ever?" autarkist says "No." The ideal of the free ange system is fluidity fluidity carried to a which would require mass migrations of omic men, like the mass migrations of the ng shoals—with nothing but production and umption in their minds. All one can say is neither in insects nor in fish have com- ities, so produced, evolved any evidence of riority in outlook, in achievement, or even in kindliness, when compared with the deep-rooted, non-specialised, and all-attempting associations of mankind.

Even in our physical structure, the general law of our being is plain. Man's hand, for instance, owes its cunning, not to the fact that it is specialised, but to the fact that it has remained anatomically one of the most primitive of limbs. The five-fingered hand, with its many-boned wrist, its two-boned forearm, is the earliest, not the latest, pattern of the equipment which we carried up when we crawled out of the sea on to the beaches. Man's hand is the haft to which can be fitted many blades. The specialised limbs, the hoof of the horse, the paw of the mole, even the wing of the bird, have reached the end of their journey. If the circumstances, to meet which they have suited themselves, alter by a hair's breadth, their usefulness is gone. This danger, also, communities to-day are well aware of, and it is one of the reasons why the philosophy of all-round development has instinctively been adopted, and is being acted on, by the peoples of our time, against the contrary practice which the nineteenth century threw up, and which is being belatedly, though vehemently, preached as a reasoned gospel by many to-day.

There is a further argument, that of the possibility of wars. For this generation and the next, the most dangerous assumption is that we have seen the end of war. It may be that we have—it is unlikely. But the one certain way to have war renewed is for the men of goodwill to assume that it is never going to happen again. It was not the physical disarmament, but the moral disarmament, the conviction of the millions that the world could get along without ever having to contemplate the possibility of taking up arms, which gave the evildoers their inspiration and their chance. That being so, for effective resistance some of the sources of power must remain under one's hand. Food, machines, skill—these cannot be handed away for a promise that it will be all right on the night. It will not. A system whose component parts are at the ends of the earth is at a grave, and some day or other, a fatal disadvantage, when starting to assemble its strength to withstand a sudden assault from a system not constructed at all on these lines. The autarkist's solution is therefore an all-round, rather than a specialised, organisation of the community—or the association of communities—and he claims that this best corresponds to the conditions of to-day, both in peace and in war.

Overseas traffic, overseas trade, is certainly a paramount interest of the island of Great Britain. Our hazard is greater than that of any other people. But we must achieve this trade in accord with the conditions of our century and facing the facts. Autarky for Britain alone is, of course, out of the question. For ores, fibres, food, oil and timber, at least, we must lean heavily on resources outside our own shores. There are great groups which are not under any such disadvantages. The United States, for one. Soviet Russia, for another. Soviet Russia, the king of autarkies, worshipped by many to whom autarky for anyone else is regarded as a sort of obscenity. China could do it. India could do it. To say "They can do it" is equal to saying, "They will." Britain must trade or starve. But it is with groups of self-sufficient world-provinces that we shall be trading, not with a free-trade globe. All the Reciprocal Trade Agreements of Mr. Cordell Hull will not alter the basic facts of the case. Can Britain sell hogs to Chicago, or automobiles to Henry Ford? The United States and Russia are to-day largely self-sufficient, and, as war damage is repaired, will become increasingly so. Their very overspill of production, if handed out free—or in the thin disguise of long-term loans, is enough to swamp the trading markets of this country. Does anyone think the Soviets are progressing now towards a Tsarist economy, or that they will put the sources of their strength outside the bounds where they can lay their hands on them? They are not going to rely on Japanese halibut, however cheap. And are we? And scrap the North Sea?

The pattern of our time is of regional rather than global production. The region of which Great Britain will be the mainstay will require very careful examination and delimitation. And the proper organisation of all this, of financial obligations, contemporary and permanent, social relations, political structure—all reciprocal—will be a very great and an immediate test of statesmanship. In all this the Empire is bound to play a singularly important part. And we cannot rely on anyone else to do this thinking for us.

WALTER ELLIOT

BLACK NORTH

"You will find, madam," said the booking-clerk, "that the natives are fairly civilised, and many of them speak English. I hope you have a pleasant journey." She thanked him, a little relieved. For she was going to Ireland, land—in wartime—of second fiddlers and fifth colleenists. That she was going to the North meant little to her. Few English people know enough about Ireland to make distinctions. Enough, for most, to know that there are two parts to Ireland, one belligerent now, the other neutral. Enough to fear that both lack the safeties, sanitation, and civilities of England. Surprising then to find no race of wild and sullen mud-dwellers, but a people house-trained and hospitable, and a country orderly to the point of boredom. The face of Northern Ireland is a dispassionate one like that of any peasant country. It offers no sensations to the tourist. It lacks that phenomenon so commonly met with in England, "the wild Irishman."

What of that bitter North which the visitor to Ireland soon samples but can never swallow, that spiritual partition of Protestant and Catholic which underlies the physical partition of Ireland? In Ulster we have two groups of people. The barrier between them is a triple one of religion, race, and class, all coincident. It separates Catholic from Protestant, Gael from Scot, poor from rich. It operates from birth to death. It means two different sets of schools, two sorts of education, two kinds of employer, two conditions of labour. Each group segregates itself. In every Ulster town one finds a Catholic quarter, and always it is the poorer one. So it will be seen how deep the division goes, how much misunderstanding is possible.

The Catholic Ulsterman is an emotional person, open in speech, sinuous and intuitive in mood. Ask him how many miles it is to X and the distance will be cut in proportion to one's weariness. It is a graceful character in its acceptance of life. It bends but never breaks. Its faults are those of volatility, "easy come, easy go." "A glib character," says the Protestant. Certainly a roundabout one.

The Ulster Protestant is a logical, close person, deliberate, sarcastic, rational and far-seeing in speech and action. A straight character, that will break rather than bend. Its virtue is in its stability. Its Puritanism comes from an opposition of mind and flesh, and its pitfall is that of hypocrisy. For always it hitches its waggon to the farthest star of profession, and often it ends by falling in the gutter of performance, knowing and loathing itself. "Ay," said a Catholic friend as he cut open a small pear called Maggie, "it's rotten at the heart, like the Presbyterians."

These characters, Protestant and Catholic, are complementary. One takes a long view of life, the other a short view. One is thoughtful and individual, the other emotional and communal. One tends to a democratic and progressive way of life, the other to a hieratic and established way. The Catholic character, being emotional, puts its best goods into the window, so it invites the smash-and-grab raid of the English journalist. But the tenacious Protestant character is one that cannot be easily captured, nor, when conveyed, will it appeal to the stranger. For, being logical, it not only underrates its feelings, but misstates them, to others and to itself. No wonder, then, that intransigent Protestant

Ulster finds no sympathetic Press abroad. My liberal English friends complain that they get "no picture of Northern Ireland." I know that they get only an embarrassing picture. For we, in Ulster, have a knack of sending to Westminster representatives who are stiffly silent or volubly foolish. And, at home, penny-wise we pound a drum.

Yet England has drawn much from Ulster—empire-builders, statesmen, merchants, scientists; soldiers from the Lawrences and Nicholson of India to Brooke, Dill, Alexander, and Montgomery to-day. At least five presidents of the U.S.A. came of Ulster stock. For it is in administration that the Ulsterman makes his mark. In matters of creative art his record is not a distinguished one. But this Ulster colony is one which has had to cultivate vigour rather than refinement. To-day there are good signs in Northern literature and painting. But we have a long way to go to get out of the wood of our own force and repression.

In Ulster the attitudes of invader and dispossessed persist. The memory of a peasant people, Protestant or Catholic, is not historical but emotional, and reason cannot reach its fears. An emotional memory is a timeless memory. How often, and still with what surprise, I have listened to country-folk talking about the men of a hundred and fifty years ago with unclouded vision and cunning detail as if they were contemporaries and neighbours. Nor is the problem simply a religious one. Not long ago American troops came to an Ulster village, a stronghold of Protestant propriety. Being Catholics these troops went to worship at the local Catholic church. They refused to go again, and the master of the local Orange lodge offered them the Orange Hall for worship. A friendly gesture to an ally in wartime, yes. But a distinction drawn between the Catholic and the Catholic Irishman. Yet everyday relations between Protestant and Catholic in Northern Ireland are commonly good and occasionally genial. Each knows and grows into the other's weakness and strength. Each can wound the other worst, or please the other best. Each would, without the other, lose the balance of life.

Have we in Ulster a "fascist" government? Well, the Irish conception of government, North or South, has never been quite the English one. The Englishman, given the reins of office, does nothing without precedent. But the Irishman has no detachment; he is both reins and horse. To him office without power is meaningless. Again, since industrial undertakings are in Protestant hands, the Catholic in Northern Ireland is bound to suffer disability in employment. Yet one must suppose not that there are no liberal employers, but only that few dare employ a Catholic without inviting disaffection among other employees. For the temper of the Protestant majority in Ulster is hostile to the Catholic. The true indictment of the Unionist Government is that in twenty years of office it has not sought for better relations between Protestant and Catholic, but has, without hesitation, used ill relations in order to keep power.

But Labour has begun to raise an ugly head in Unionist places. In 1941, in a bye-election in South Belfast, an apparently unloseable seat was lost, to the Labour Party. At once there was consternation in the Unionist camp. Last February, in a three-cornered bye-election in West Belfast, Labour was again successful. The Unionist party went into a huddle. Three parliamentary secretaries, it was whispered, threatened to resign unless a clear change in party leadership was made. After much intrigue and heartburning, changes were made. Mr. Andrews, the Prime Minister, slowly gave way to Sir Basil Brooke, probably the most able member of the Cabinet. Concessions were made to the younger elements in Unionism, though the new Cabinet was strangely like the old one with whiskers removed. In August came a bye-election in Carrick, formerly a safe Unionist constituency. It was seen that the issue would be a trial of strength for the new Ulster Government. The Prime Minister visited the constituency. The red herring of the Border-question was produced, specially burnished and incarnadined The electorate was warned—in the words of one Unionist speaker—that the eyes of Britain and the Empire were fastened on the results. Parliament was suddenly recalled in order to sky-write a new government housing measure. And with what result? The seat was saved for Unionism. But there was no gloating in Government quarters. Sixty per cent. of the electorate failed to vote, and, of the other forty, Labour had a gratifying slice. It is significant, and to the Ulster Government disturbing, that in these bye-elections the opposition should have come from Protestant candidates.

"I always understood," countered Mr. Bevin in answer to a foolish Ulster M.P. at Westminster, "that Northern Ireland was the most loyal part of the King's dominions." Doubtless, in some part, the attachment of Northern Ireland to the Crown is merely the measure of its detachment from Southern Ireland. Doubtless, too, political leaders of Ulster are past-masters wringing the change out of loyalty. But Puri Ulster has always been curiously royalist at he Were not the Northern Presbyterians rebuked Cromwell and Milton for protesting against execution of Charles? "I beseech you," cr Cromwell to the adamant divines there, "in bowels of Christ to think that ye may be mistake And still in Ulster there is the same stubbo loyalty, not, always, to the policies and par ments of England, but to the Crown. Embarra ing, maybe, but not just mercenary. Nor is Labour Party in Northern Ireland likely to igna a loyalty which faces it with one of its grea problems, namely, how to hinge the interests Protestant and Catholic, Loyalist and Nationali not merely on the economic, but also on emotional plane. That task is not made ea by those English Labour M.P.s who in th speeches show only a blockbusting contempt Ulster. Nor is it furthered by schoolmast speeches such as that directed at Southern Irela by Mr. Herbert Morrison in his last visit Northern Ireland.

Always for the Englishman there is a stra attraction about Ireland. It is his *alter ego*, other-world of wildness and imagination. A Northern Ireland's position is a mediate o The most successful of all English efforts colonising Ireland, it has developed its pattern of life, one which in thought, word deed owes much to the Gael, yet is nei English nor Gaelic. It has got its own gove ment, a government which it would not willi now surrender either to Westminster or Dub In effect we have here the makings of a Protes Nationalist state. But no Ulster loyalist wi admit this. For he still depends on Great Bri for his social services; he still fears the oppos in his midst; and, not less important, Ulste close enough geographically to England to be daily to replenish its stores of loyalty.

What, then, of the position of the Cath minority, and, a wider question, what of North Ireland's attitude to Southern Ireland? To just, and, much more, to be generous to opponent one must have either security humility. Security is the politic virtue, hum a private one. And not till Ulster has a sens security will she be able to approach her proble in a detached way. That North and So Protestant and Catholic, must come to live terms is certain. They are, by nature, com ments of head and heart. But the meeting marriage of two minds will not be furthered

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deposition of either. Each must be established character and integrity. And the most that land can do for the one, or to the other, is now when to do least.

Where two racial patterns meet each gives ition to the other. The impact may be nful, but at length a new man is born, a new tern is made. It happened when the contact Gael and Saxon brought that peculiar product, Anglo-Irishman, on the scene. But, as I see the field is set in Ireland for a vaster happening. any meeting of North and South, of Protestant Catholic Ireland, will not, like the Anglo-h one, be a meeting of aristocrat and peasant, of people too disparate in number, influence, work. It will be a meeting of equals. For rth (outside industrial Belfast) and South are h peasant peoples, and, even in opposition, e an instant and intuitive knowledge of each r that brings with it fear and respect.

W. R. RODGERS

HE THEORY OF THE ANAGERIAL REVOLUTION

[reply to the article by Nicholas Davenport which appeared in our last issue.]

his article last week Mr. Davenport gave us a k-and-water version of the theory of the mana-ial revolution, making it appear as respectable innocuous as a lecture by Herbert Morrison he Fabian Society. I hope neither Mr. Morri-nor the Labour Party will be deceived by his enuity or by his neglect of the real origins and odious implications of James Burnham's argu-nt.

Where, in spite of all the hurly-burly, is there thing really new in this book? Even in the -day of *laissez faire* when the Manchester nomists slept peacefully at nights without the ctre of monopoly to haunt their dreams, there e people who foresaw that large-scale enter-e would demand an enormous army of eaucrats. Some even predicted certain fea-es of the society which, according to Mr. Burn-n, is still in the womb of the future. Saint-non, for example not only anticipated a kind of nagerial control of production, where the real ses, without necessarily having any property nts, would still hold, *vis-à-vis*, the workers, a mmanding and economically privileged posi-, but also suggested a form of public board kingly analagous to the B.B.C. or to the .T.B. Since his time the appearance of a dis-t group of managers, technicians, etc., has caused many people to speculate about their role in society. From Hilaire Belloc's contention that the effect of Socialist doctrine upon capitalism was to produce what he called the Servile State, to Lenin's *Imperialism*; from Mr. Wells' novels and excursions into autobiography to the theories of the Nazi lawyer, Carl Schmidt—in all these sources one could find anticipations of Mr. Burnham's hotch-potch of half-truths. He calls it a new philosophy of history!

All the same, that is not in itself any excuse for an outright rejection of his theory. The managers do exist. But are they a class? And is their revolution real or phoney? H. G. Wells, who for many years has toyed with the idea of a world ruled by technicians, once crossed swords and purposes with Josef Stalin on this point. Stalin, arguing that only the workers could undertake the complicated, great and painful process of transforming the capitalist world, said: "For this task a great class is required. Big ships go on long voyages." "Yes," replied Wells, "but for long voyages a captain and a navigator are needed." Stalin came back to his point. "That is true, but what is first required for a long voyage is a big ship. What is a navigator without a ship?" Wells may have felt that he got the best of the argument. After all, the idea that the ignorant masses of the nameless humble must be led and controlled by the intellectual and the expert is always cropping up in his work.

But the analogy bears another interpretation. Success in the voyage of progress comes from the power of the ship. That is the driving force, and without it the navigator is an idle man. The manager and the expert have no social ideology or outlook peculiarly their own. They are interested in technical efficiency *qua* technical efficiency. Are their talents to be directed towards social welfare or armament production, bacteriological warfare or medical research? That depends upon the people who give them orders. The managers may operate production, but its motives and its direction are decided by the character of the system of which they are the salaried servants.

That is why talk of managerial domination in the U.S.S.R. is rubbish. The managers and the technicians may be a relatively privileged section of the Soviet people. But that is the result of their technical ability, not their political power. Nor is the emergence of managers in a capitalist society any evidence of inadequacy in the Marxist analysis. Thorstead Veblen, who also saw the technicians as a possible source of political and social leadership, understood the weakness of their position. Their work, in capitalist and socialist society alike, in past, present and future, changes the face of the world. But in any society the forms and the results of such changes are conditioned by its economics, by its history, and by its social system. By themselves, the managers are incapable of breaking away from those traditions. They are men, but they are as much instruments of production as the machines they devise or control. What is the effect of a marvellous invention or the crowning discovery of the career of a brilliant scientist? It may alter the technique of an industry, even the technical relations of industry as a whole, but it does not change its social character. Yes, Mr. Davenport and Mr. Burnham, as individuals they are men who may seek for political power. But collectively they are employees, without a goal and without a social philosophy. For that they must depend on their masters, whether proletariat or bourgeoisie.

The revolution of the managers is one of those "Well, it all depends what you mean by" revolutions. A question of definition. Mr. Burnham, having denied the experience of all social revolutions by saying that the question of property rights is irrelevant, finds it easy to call the managers the "class," which, rather than the workers, offers a real and inevitable alternative to the old capitalists. True, these have largely disappeared. Mr. Guillebaud has accurately described what is happening. "The reins of effective power are falling from the hands of the old ruling class, who have transferred themselves from the control of production to the control of finance, and are no longer in direct contact with the economic process." The old bourgeois manufacturer leaves his works for the last time and retires to Bath or Harrogate to become a coupon-clipper. His job, in Lord Keynes' phrase, is now done by the salaried office boys who rule in the mausoleum he once occupied. "Time and the Joint-Stock Company and the Civil Service" have divorced the technical from the financial aspects of production. But the fact is that financial interests still have the last word. Ask any works manager what he thinks of his board of directors! Or ask Thyssen. Clear enough in *I Paid Hitler* that in spite of superficial Nazi control the financier still called the tune.

Now the growth of what is gradually becoming a tremendous bureaucracy is as much a product of monopoly and economic concentration generally as it is of the spread of State intervention in economic life. Production, in the imperialist epoch, becomes more, not less, capitalist. Lenin and Hilferding and Otto Bauer, despite their other

A Week with Gandhi

LOUIS FISCHER

Introductory note by
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differences, said all that a long time ago. Even in 1848 the *Communist Manifesto* anticipates it. Before Mr. Burnham marshalled his managers like gladiators to administer the *coup-de-grâce* to Lenin, he should have discovered they were already employed as a stage army in his analysis of imperialism!

Then take the managers control of production, which is to be achieved "not directly through property rights vested in themselves as individuals," but through "their control of the owner state" and "appropriate political institutions." What is this but a classic formulation of the Fascist organic, anti-individualist producers' state, with its hierarchy of estates, chambers of commerce and labour corporations? The Nazi's fusion of the economic functions of monopoly capital with the political functions of the state is only the climax of tendencies that exist in all capitalist countries. Despite state ownership of parts of the economic system, as a whole it remains as capitalist as ever. In Germany, the late development of high capitalism made it essential for the state to run the railways and other natural monopolies in order that the other industries should meet their foreign competitors on more nearly equal terms. As a result of the uneven and exaggerated development within and between various nations, state regulation is to-day controlling more and more of the system in order that it can continue as a system at all. Mr. Davenport has an excellent phrase for it: "The economic problems confronting us are too complex to be solved by the interplay of uncontrolled price and profit and by private enterprise."

Just so. And because, in Fascism, the separate channels through which the ruling class had previously exercised power in a parliamentary democracy are merged into one, Mr. Burnham has some reason to exclaim that state ownership does not imply Socialism. But it does not imply the end of capitalism either, as we have learnt not only from the experience of France and Germany, but also from our experiments with London Transport and the B.B.C. Managerial society is not the half-way house to Socialism. It is something that is not very different from Fascism. None of the difficulties that capitalism encounters are solved by either. Both place their emphasis upon the state rather than on the individual. Both exalt discipline over liberty. Both believe in corporate rather than social enterprise. For the future neither of them offers the prospect of a happy or peaceful world. The new world organisation is—in Mr. Burnham's conception—to be based upon three primary superstates: Europe (based upon Germany), Asia (based on Japan) and America (based on the U.S.). The struggles for this repartition will take the form of continually recurring imperialist wars. No matter how much the people may desire Socialism, it is of no avail. Theirs are false expectations, cruelly maintained by the propaganda of Stalin's Russia. This is the remorseless drift of history. And it is a picture not far different from that of a grim world of triumphant Fascism.

If Mr. Davenport can cite Mr. Morrison in support of this thesis, it is only because the Labour Party has not yet faced the central question of power. Whose is the state? When you proclaim the harmony of classes in a class society like ours, when you persuade the workers to support the policy of the big monopolists, you might find some argument like that of the managerial revolution superficially attractive. But it is as dangerous as it is misleading.

NORMAN MACKENZIE.

THE MOVIES

"Baltic Deputy," at the Tatler

K. Timiriazev was almost the only outstanding scientist of Tsarist Russia to go over to the Bolsheviks at the time of the October Revolution of 1917. Already an old man, honoured by European universities and a Fellow of our Royal Society, he saw a great future for science as a servant of the people. N. Cherkassov's acting as Timiriazev is one of the memorable events of the cinema. There is not a false word or gesture in his portrait of the old Professor. Deserted by his life-long friends and worried by the thought that his book, the work of seven or eight years, might be destroyed in the general upheaval, he finds comfort and encouragement from the Bolsheviks and from the sailors of the Baltic Fleet, who later elect him as their deputy to the Petrograd Soviet. The biographical and revolutionary elements in the story are interwoven as skilfully as they were in the two Lenin films. Cold, hungry Petrograd with the German armies at its gates is a background that gives great scope to any Soviet director or cameraman. And the opportunity has not been missed. All the familiar scenes are there: the patrols searching for food hoarders in the wet streets and gloomy mansions; the stormy meetings of the Soviet; the worker's battalions moving off to the front. But it is doubtful whether the atmosphere has been caught so well even in the better-known films about those terrible and exciting months. And, as the story shifts from the quiet study to the uproar of the Smolny Institute, from the university to the gangs of starving volunteers unloading the coal that will bring light once more to Pet grad, it is not without its humour. A sailor introduc the Professor's lecture on plant physiology to h comrades with the saving phrase "It's all right, h a friend of Newton's and right on the Marxist line a scientist turned Press Commissar asks the assembl editors of the opposition press why their typographi "errors" are always unfavourable to the Bolshevi This excellent film turns the men who made t revolution from text-book creatures into hum beings.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"This is the Army," at the Palladium

In the song-and-dance shows New York has long entirely outclassed London and Paris, and T *is the Army* is as brilliant as anything of its sort Broadway. Two hundred American soldiers prov the cast: whether any of these were already s we do not know, but the comedians, the dancers, jugglers and the acrobats are all tip-top. (T coloured performers are not the least dazzling.) T speed of the show alone is a rare treat, the sets costumes are the height of *chic*, and the stage mana ment is flawless. The only difficulty is to get s for an entertainment that would pack the Pallad for a year. Mr. Irving Berlin is responsible, and hope that he will soon be giving his show to Ameri and British troops in the city from which he take name.

"Arc de Triomphe," at the Phoenix

Mr. Novello's view of Paris is undeniably c ventional: *Louise* and *La Vie de Bohème* and T Cook's Midnight Tours of Montparnasse have contributed. But this is no excuse for the dram critic whom it has impelled to describe Paris as lugubrious city." One suspects indeed that knowledge may be more limited than Mr. Novell for the playwright knows enough of Paris to love even if he goes far to meet the public taste, while critic seems unaware of any Paris except that of Englishman on a week-end. If he had ever visited places where the people amuse themselves, *guinguet* on the suburban Seine, the fairs, and the local, exploited *bals musette*, he might realise that Paris anything but lugubrious.

Arc de Triomphe provides with wonderful c petence what a vast audience enjoys. Untramme by any undue respect for period accuracy, Mr. Nov carries us from 1906 to 1925 through the succes career of a *prima donna*. Miss Mary Ellis, wea particularly good costumes, acts the part b antly, Miss Elizabeth Welch and Mr. Raymond L also A.I. There is one very pretty tune (a sli

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sweetened *pastiche* of an Auvergnat folk-song), and the sets, without being original in style, are ingenious and effective. A short scene of two English ladies being shown postcards by a furtive vendor is acutely comic. The show ends with an act from an opera about Joan of Arc in the manner of Massenet. Not a show for the sophisticated, who will find there is something even more boring than an apache dance—which is three simultaneous apache dances. But Mr. Novello's public will be very happy, and something of his very sincere love both of France and of the art of singing percolates through the convention he has employed.

Correspondence

SERBS, CROATS AND SLOVENES

SIR,—Simultaneously with the recent encouraging news of increased activities of the guerilla and partisan forces against the common enemy in Yugoslavia there have appeared in certain British magazines and newspapers some virulent and misleading attacks on the attitude of the Croats and their acknowledged leader, Dr. Macek towards the Allied cause.

These attacks may be summarised into two specific charges. First that the Croats are pro-German, and that Dr. Macek himself, believing in March, 1941—so it is alleged—that the Germans were going to win, urged the Yugoslav Government (of which he was a member) to sign the Tripartite pact with the Axis Powers.

Secondly, it is stated categorically that in December, 1941, Croatia declared war on Great Britain and the U.S.A. For neither of these statements has any evidence been advanced.

What are the facts?

While it is true that Dr. Macek was a member of the Yugoslav Government when Prince Paul and his two colleagues went to Vienna to sign the Tripartite Pact, Dr. Macek and his fellow Croat Ministers only knew of the conclusion of the pact when it was an accomplished fact. It is also true that Dr. Macek did not immediately resign from the Government, the reason being that he was anxious to maintain the Serb-Croat-Slovene unity for which he had been working for many years. But he left Belgrade for Zagreb, and within a few days of the invasion of Yugoslavia on April 7th, 1941, he was strongly pressed by the Germans to place himself at the head of an Independent Croatian Government at Zagreb under German protection. This he resolutely refused to do, and although pressure has been put upon repeatedly—after being arrested—by the Germans he has steadfastly refused to be a tool of Hitler, and in consequence has been in German custody ever since the invasion and remains so to this day.

It is clear that whatever Dr. Macek may have thought in 1941 about Germany being likely to win he has been sufficiently anti-Nazi as to refuse—at the risk of his life—to play the Nazi game.

As to Croatia having declared war upon Great Britain and U.S.A. in December, 1941, it was the terrorist Uslashi leader Pavelitch—for many years the inveterate opponent of Dr. Macek's great Peasant Party—who had been installed at the head of a Quisling Government at Zagreb by the Germans and Italians and who made this declaration against Great Britain and the U.S.A.

It is established beyond any question that the overwhelming mass of the Croat people are utterly opposed to Pavelitch, that he can only maintain his position by the support of German bayonets, and that as soon as that support is withdrawn he will vanish from the scene as Mussolini did in Italy.

BEN RILEY

House of Commons.

INDEPENDENCE OF AUSTRIA

SIR,—In your issue of November 6th, "Pontifex Minor" calls the independence of Austria "a bitter joke." I cannot imagine that the millions of Austrians suffering from Nazi oppression, that the underground fighters, the groups fighting in the ranks of Jugoslav and Russian guerillas, nor that the several thousand refugees organised in the Free Austrian Movement in Great Britain consider the fulfilment of their aim "a bitter joke."

I cannot agree with the statement that Austria was never independent nor could be; a statement in support of which facts are not and cannot be produced. Austria was not "kept half alive with loans by the League of Nations," but stood firmly on her own feet. Should this remark refer to the "Relief Credits" after the last war, does it not then follow that the mere existence of the U.N.R.R.A. indicates that all European countries are unable to stand on their own feet? Or does this remark refer to the small and rather delayed loan Austria received after the breaking down of the Credit-Anstalt? Here, again, Austria's difficulties were a part of a general catastrophe. The difficulties of the Credit-Anstalt were by no means a purely Austrian affair, but a part of the general crisis of credit and banks which swept Europe in the year 1931. The burden of the Credit-Anstalt affair, however, was mainly borne by Austria alone.

During the period when "Mussolini protected her," Austria received no loans from the League of Nations and became a creditor of practically all her neighbours by substantial unpaid clearing balances in her favour. (Including the "protector," whose debit amounted to 19 million schillings in March, 1932, or Hungary, whose debit reached 16 million schillings in November, 1935.) At the same time Austria reduced her foreign debts from 2,452 million schillings in 1935 to 1,972 million schillings in 1937 (according to the Yearbook, 1937–38, of the League of Nations), whilst the foreign currency reserves of the National Bank increased from 69 million schillings, 1934, to 217 million schillings 1937, and the value of the visible exports increased from 764 million schillings, 1932, to 952 million schillings, 1936 (according to the same source). All this during the general economic depression!

I wonder whether the remark "finally Hitler swallowed her," should be an argument against her vitality, when no country on the Continent, except the Soviet Union, proved able to resist Nazi aggression successfully.

Should "Pontifex Minor" doubt the vitality of small nations as such (including, e.g., Norway with approximately half the population of Austria), I wonder how he imagines to implement the "Atlantic Charter" without giving up all "Grossraum" theories, which are knowingly or unknowingly descendants of the well-known monopolistic "Lebensraum" ideology.

"AUSTRIAN J. S."

THE LAND ARMY

SIR,—As a person having had some considerable practical connection with the Women's Land Army since the beginning of the present war, may I ask the privilege of replying to the letter signed "A Land-girl" in your issue of November 6th?

It is perfectly true, as your correspondent states, that the W.L.A. holds no control over its members outside their working hours. The W.L.A. is not a Service based on the same lines as the three Women's Services ancillary to the Fighting Services. Your correspondent acknowledges this difference, but it has never been sufficiently recognised by the public, possibly because the name Land-*army* has proved misleading to the thoughtless. It has never been sufficiently recognised either that whereas the Women's Auxiliary Services are employed by the State, members of the Land Army (although a branch of a Government Department, the Ministry of Agriculture), are privately employed by individual farmers (except, of course, where they are employed on gang work by the War Agricultural County Committees) and are thus necessarily privileged to enjoy a far more elastic rule.

This elasticity has both its advantages and its disadvantages. It may be more agreeable to the girl but it does mean that only persuasion and not compulsion can be brought to bear on her private and personal behaviour. No disciplinary measures can

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be taken against her, short of actual dismissal from the W.L.A. in the most extreme resort.

Where I think your correspondent is a little unfair is in attributing so indifferent an attitude to the Land Army authorities. She seems to believe that they say "Muck out your cowsheds, lift your potatoes, carry your corn, and then we don't care what becomes of you, so long as you turn up again punctually at 5.30 to-morrow morning." She may have been unfortunate, but my own experience has shown me that the W.L.A. officials, whether at County Office or among the local Representatives, are only too glad to assist any scheme for keeping their volunteers happy and entertained during their leisure hours. Clubs are encouraged, and lecturers can be sent where required. Ministry of Information films are frequently available. A special grant is accorded for the initial equipment of a club, for the purchase of a wireless set, a gramophone, games, or anything within reason which is wanted.

One last point. Your correspondent suggests that "somebody" should take an interest in these girls and women. Now, every county is divided up into areas controlled by a District Representative, Local Representatives, and a number of Village Registrars. It is the duty of these workers who freely give their time, not only to deal with any problems of employment that may arise, but also to establish themselves on a footing of friendship and confidence with the girls for whom they are responsible. That is what they are there for, and if they fail in this task it is an individual failure scarcely to be blamed on the general scheme of organisation.

V. SACKVILLE-WEST

SIR,—I read with interest "Landgirl's" letter in your issue of November 13.

I was in the Land Army for eighteen months and thank God I am out of it now. My fundamental reason for resigning—although I did not tell the Land Army officials this—and it was partly unconscious at the time—was that as a result of the monotony, the deadly drudgery, the entire lack of intelligent instruction, the lack of money, the loneliness and the apathy which one inevitably fell into after a couple of months, I felt myself slipping into that moral decline which "Landgirl" so aptly describes. "Landgirl" lives in a hostel, but I worked and lived alone except for one other girl. The depression in these circumstances is even more serious. The only outlet was to pub crawl or to pick up a nice-looking American soldier. Reading, somehow, or even attending a lecture, was a terrific mental effort after a physically strenuous day even if it was available. All one yearned for was having a good time. It seemed the only panacea for the drudgery of our daily life. I admit all Land Army girls do not have these dead-end, deadly jobs, but I can safely say that the majority of them do. Surely it is up to the Land Army to direct these unspent energies into the right channels. But what do they do—officially—practically nothing. There are, it is true, such bodies known as Welfare Committees. I had the honour—as a Landgirl—to be asked to sit on one. One look at those women on that Committee was enough for me. They had no idea of the job they were tackling. They looked upon us, mentally, as the servant girl type. The Committee consisted for the most part of already overworked members of the County Committee, District Representatives (usually aged and charming spinster ladies not conversant with the facts of life, who once a month make vague and diffident enquiries as to whether we were getting a bath once a week and if we would like another pair of shoes) and, perhaps, an elderly clergyman's wife. They had no funds beyond the money which had been raised at a few dances got up by some hostel or other. They had no experience in welfare work; they were the type of woman who has no real understanding of the young girl of to-day or how to tackle the problems of war-time morale. On psychology, I can safely say they had never read a book.

The war has been on for over four years now, and I think, without prejudice, the Land Army is the most neglected of all the military and civilian Services and Organisations. In most cases the Land Army girl is doing a bigger job of work than many women working in factories or in the Services; she works longer hours and earns much less money; but, nevertheless, she is the most neglected. I have known young girls of 17 or 18 sent down from the North of England to farms in the extreme south-west of England, having never left home before. They were put in private billets (not hostels where they would, perhaps, have got some older girl to look after them), with no supervision whatsoever, and I have seen them pick up the inevitable American soldier with the inevitable pub crawling and hedge crawling and all the rest of it following in due course. I consider it a damned shame that no one cares what happens to the Land Army girl now, or after the war.

EX LANDGIRL

WAR CRIMINALS

SIR,—I am old enough to remember the "Hang the Kaiser" campaign. Though abortive, I cannot agree with Mr. Rolph that it was hysterical. It was, on the part of the people, an honest and justified demand that those who made a war should pay for it. On the part of the politicians it was, of course, a ramp. I hail the Moscow Agreement as a guarantee that this time there will be no ramp. Mr. Rolph is concerned about the legality of the proceedings against war criminals. What he fails to realise is that when this war is won, it will prove to be a revolution: indeed we are being forced more and more to give it the character of a revolution in order to win it. The trial of war criminals, therefore, will be an act of revolutionary justice, or if Mr. Rolph likes to put it so, a continuation of the war. Why not? We are pledged to continue the war against Fascism till it is rooted out.

Mr. Rolph asks what the verdict of history will be on such trials. Exactly the same, I suggest, as the verdict of history on the trials of Charles I and Louis XVI. That is to say, the historians of the Right will squeal and try to dress up Hitler, Göring and the rest in martyrs' robes (though it will be a hard job); and the historians of the Left will congratulate us on having proved that dictators, like kings, are amenable to the vengeance of the victorious people.

ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS

SIR,—When a novel is concerned with great political events, the film version should surely reveal some political consciousness. In the film *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, however, there was no suggestion at all that the fight was one against Fascism. One gathered from the hero's speech that it was just a nationalist sort of fight, in which the enemies were Germans and Italians who were trying out new weapons. It would have been a more consistent film if it had been depicted as a fight against the fuzzy-wuzzies. Your film critic remarked, "the atrocity no less than the heroism, characteristic of the Spanish Civil War, is boldly realised on the screen." Apparently it never occurred to him to protest that the atrocities so horribly displayed in this film were confined to those committed by the Republicans. If the film producers were told by the American State Department, as they must have been, not to displease Franco, it is amazing that a critic of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION should make no comment upon it.

OLGA EDWARDES

[The author of the notice writes: "I ought to have pointed out that Franco's men were called "Fascists" in the book, but "Nationalists" in the film. Miss Edwardes is, however, wrong in saying that the atrocities in the film are only Republican. Fascist barbarity is displayed, though necessarily in words, not in photographs, when Maria tells her horrible story. If the most vivid and fully recounted atrocity in the film is committed by Republicans, exactly the same fault is to be found in the book, which never struck me, whatever its other merits, as an effective championship of the Republican cause." — ED., *N.S. & N.*]

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The novels of J. Meade Falkner, an almost forgotten writer of the late '90s, brought these thoughts to my mind. Falkner was not a business man novelist of the Italo Svevo size; but he has his small place. *The Nebuly Coat* and *The Lost Stradivarius* are mystery stories tinctured by scholarship and are now, I think, too slow and unmysterious for our taste—the last war hurried the pace of these things—but in *Moonfleet* he wrote a story of adventure that will have a permanent place among the minor genre pieces of our literature. A word about Falkner, first of all. He was a most remarkable man. By taste and education a scholar whose researches in archaeology, folklore, palaeography, architecture, church music and medieval history earned him a papal medal and many honours at the Universities. Falkner spent all his life in Armstrong Whitworth's, whose chairman he was during and after the last war. He was a brilliant diplomatist and negotiator with foreign Governments. He travelled all over the world for his firm. He said that he owed his versatility to his medieval mind, and in her preface to the abridged Penguin edition of *The Nebuly Coat*, Lady Longford says that he applied the same minute care to his reports for Armstrong Whitworth and his researches in the Vatican library. In the Civil Service this kind of versatility has been common; in the bustle of industry it is rare. And during this packed career, he wrote learned treaties and these three novels.

The Nebuly Coat and *The Lost Stradivarius* recall the work of Sheridan Lefanu, but they do not come up to the level of the Irish master. Falkner lacked Lefanu's psychological curiosity and the uneasiness of his imagination. Where Lefanu was skilled in disturbing the mind, Falkner, with the habits of research, spoiled things by setting our minds at rest. It is true that the character of Westray, the young architect in *The Nebuly Coat*, is peculiar, and that he is distressed about the morality of shielding an impostor who is possibly a murderer; but the episode is so obscure that I cannot help suspecting Westray's real motive was snobbery. He thought it blasphemy to expose a lord or to throw doubt upon the records of Somerset House and the College of Heralds. Again, in *The Lost Stradivarius*, there is a suggestion of wicked occult practices. Lefanu would never have descended to anything so gentlemanly and so scholarly as the suggestion of Medmenham Abbey practices. When Lefanu's characters are haunted by guilt, the guilt is no historical curiosity. If either of these two novels of Falkner's are attractive light reading, it is because of their antiquarianism and because of the precision of their setting. We are at the beginning of that passion for antiques which started in the nineteen-hundreds, I suppose, and which so oddly foreshadowed that genteel auctioning off of heirlooms which swept Britain and Europe after the last war. *The Nebuly Coat* is an antique in itself. With wonderful verisimilitude, Falkner invented a cathedral town and worked out a carefully documented and imaginary catalogue of its family stains and historical dilapidations, and he hinged his plot on no less a matter than the technical delicacies of architectural restoration. There is also some heraldry in this book and in *The Lost Stradivarius* a good deal of musical scholarship. It is this material and his use of it to create an atmosphere that interest us a little now, for he wrote with clarity; but he showed so far small sense of character or narrative. This is a mark, so often observed, of the diligent amateur. No professional would document his work so well; but no professional would throw it all away on uninteresting people.

Moonfleet is another matter altogether. Here is a novel which has the sustained excitement, if not the richness of character, of the best work of Stevenson. It is a brilliant *pastiche* of eighteenth-century adventure, limpid, tender and running over the complicated score of its great detail without ever striking a wrong note or a superfluous one. How true the note always is. Pedantry has vanished. Now when Falkner is describing the history of the wicked Mohunes and the legends of their wickedness and burial in the church beside the sea; when he describes how the tides flood the crypt and the evils that come from it; and later on, when he troubles us with an account of the disused marble quarries of Dorset and the habits of the quarrymen, he pours these things into a story which flows more swiftly on because of them to fresh eddies of excitement. The elements of detection and mystery are multiplied. We want to know about those quarries as badly as we want to know about the escaping smugglers who have gone to earth in them. A whole coast with its cliffs, its marshes and its shingle roaring in the storms has become urgent to us, such is the life which Falkner can impart to topography. These descriptions cannot be skipped, for Falkner achieved here, with an apparent ease, the art of gradual revelation. It was the eighteenth century's great lesson to narrators who had not yet been disorganised by the cult of nature, and who therefore did not throw in a ton of scenery for emotion's sake. Nature was used and useful, and the gradual disclosure of its usefulness was an invaluable accompaniment to the voice of narrative. This is apparent in writers as widely different as the circumstantial Defoe and the melodious Abbé Prévost. There is something of the latter's tone in Falkner's writing, a modest candour, which sets the young hero a little apart from the too stalwart ranks of boys' heroes, and gives a tenderness to the circumspect descriptions. Here is Falkner's picture of the country into which the boy and the smuggler escaped after their climb up the cliff face. They are on the edge of the abandoned quarries:

> We had left the stony tillage fields, and the face of the country was covered once more with the closest sward, which was just putting on the brighter green of the spring. This turf was not smooth, but hummocky, for under it lay heaps of worthless stone and marble drawn out of the quarries ages ago, which the green vestment had covered for the most part, though it left sometimes a little patch of broken rubble peering out at the top of a mound. There were many tumbledown walls and low gables left of the cottages of the old quarrymen; grass-covered ridges worked out of the little garden-folds, and here and there still stood a forlorn gooseberry bush or a stunted plum or apple tree with its branches all swept eastward by the up-channel gales. As for the quarry shafts themselves, they too were covered round the tips with the green turf, and down them led a narrow flight of steep-cut steps, with a slide of soapstone at the side, on which the marble blocks were once hauled up by wooden winches. Down these steps no feet ever walked now, for not only were suffocating gases said to beset the bottom of the shafts, but men would have it that in the narrow passages below lurked evil spirits and demons . . . We waited a few minutes and then he took me in his arms and began to descend the steps, back first, as one goes down a hatchway.

That is a fairly static description, a breathing space in the action of the story. Yet how it moves, how it flows and coils like the water receding along the snaky course of one of those southern estuaries that Falkner liked to write about. And the same simple, inevitable movement is in the passages of action. This is the scene at the end where Elzevir loses his life in trying to rescue the boy on the terrible Chesil Beach.

> I saw the string of men lashed together and, reaching down as far as man might, to save any that came through the surf, and heard them shout to cheer us, and marked a coil of rope flung out. Elzevir was by my side and saw it too, and we both kept our feet and plunged forward through the quivering slack water; but then there came an awful thunder behind, the crash of the sea over the wreck, and we knew that another mountain wave was on our heels. It came in with a swishing roar, a rush and rise of furious water that swept us like corks up the beach, till we were within touch of the rope's end, and the men shouted again to hearten us as they flung it out. Elzevir seized it with his left hand and reached out his right to me. Our fingers touched, and in that very moment the wave fell instantly, with an awful suck, and I was swept down the beach again. Yet the undertow took me not back to sea, for amid the floating wreckage floated the shattered maintop and in the track of that great spar I caught, and so was left with it upon the beach thirty paces from the men and Elzevir. Then he left his own assured salvation, namely the rope, and strode down again into the very jaws of death to catch me by the hand and set me on my feet.

But the secret of the success of *Moonfleet* does not lie first of all in its ingenious and masterly unveiling of an adventure; nor even in the naturalness of it all. The secret, I think, is that Falkner makes us feel for the church and village of Moonfleet something of that profound emotion which we have had for a place we have lived in and unaccountably loved in its smallest particular. He has hit upon our love for place and on the feeling that, in such a place, great happenings must start as innocently but as irreparably as spring water bubbles up from the earth to start a river. And once he had struck this note he sustained it. Not once does it falter. It grows clearer and stronger like a rising wind, like the high note of *Treasure Island*, which never loses its eagerness, or the grave and ominous accent of *The Fall of the House of Ussher*.

I do not rank *Moonfleet* with these tales, for it has not their scope. Falkner was no great maker of characters. The boy-narrator and Elzevir the smuggler, who slowly adopts him in place of his dead son, are simple beings; not wooden, not lay figures indeed, but simple. They grow a little, experience makes them, and the dumb growth of their affection into an austere and self-sacrificing love is a moving undertone to the story. Theirs is not the conventional relationship of partners in adventure. One sees the passage of time reversing, or at least modifying, their attitude to each other. But outside of these two there is nobody. In this book, Falkner does not attempt what he could not do excellently; and like one of those small academic paintings in which we detect the flash of a minor master, *Moonfleet* arrests the mind because it has satisfied the eye. We have seen something that is small, perhaps, but exquisitely, affectingly well done.

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DEMOCRATIC PLANNING

T.V.A., Adventure in Planning. By JULIAN HUXLEY, with a foreword by the Hon. John G. Winant, *The Architectural Press.* 8s. 6d.

The T.V.A., a Study in Public Administration. By C. HERMAN PRITCHETT. *Oxford.* 21s. 6d.

There are two major problems which we shall have with us so long as we continue to attempt a free society: the problem of planning and the problem of public administration.

How far can State planning be carried without destroying the liberties of the public which it is intended to benefit? And to what extent can efficient and honest administration be preserved when the units to be administered grow ever more gigantic? "It is in dealing with administration," wrote Brooks Adams, "that civilisations have usually broken down."

The American experiment in the Tennessee Valley, one of the triumphs of Mr. Roosevelt's New Deal, suggests partial answers to both these questions. The main facts about the experiment are given in two recent studies. There could be few better testing grounds for State planning than the valley of the Tennessee River, which with its tributaries is 900 miles long and drains an area four-fifths the size of England and Wales. It is mostly an agricultural valley with a population of only two and a half millions. Poverty and ignorance—but chiefly poverty—led to the clearing and ploughing of steep hillsides in an area where there is more than 50 inches of rain a year and where much of that rain falls in brief torrential downpours.

Much of the top soil has consequently washed away. For a generation the characteristic colour of the rivers throughout the valley has been *café-au-lait*. The region has been bleeding to death. The farmers, therefore, necessarily abandon the ruined hillsides and move on to the destruction of neighbouring plots of land, "so that," as Julian Huxley writes, "in the heart of the most modern of countries you could find shifting cultivation of the type usually associated with primitive African tribes."

Elsewhere in the valley the horrors of feckless agriculture are more than matched by the horrors of feckless industry. There is a ghastly place called Ducktown, for example, where copper mining was carried on, by a British-owned company, with primitive smelting methods. Every living plant or tree or blade of grass was killed by the fumes over an area of 50 square miles. The result is a dead world. The fierce rains and the steep slopes and the murdered vegetation have combined to produce something which looks like a nightmare on the moon.

Mr. Huxley has a picture of this waste land in his book (Number 26), but no photograph can convey the feeling of such an outrage upon nature. The whole hideous affair should be preserved as a national monument, as a warning of what can happen if private enterprise is permitted to go mad.

On the other hand, our world has seen some samples of what happens if the power of the State is permitted to go mad. Do we have to choose between a "freedom" which not only oppresses the citizens of to-day, but which cheerfully washes the soil on which the future depends down the long rivers to the Gulf of Mexico; do we have to choose between this and a form of planning which makes the State the universal owner, and hence the universal master, and hence the controller of our minds as well as of our bodies? In one small corner of the world, under conditions which are perhaps unusual but not unique, the Tennessee Valley experiment suggests that our choice is not so limited.

In 1933 Congress set up a Government corporation called the Tennessee Valley Authority. In Mr. Roosevelt's words the T.V.A. was "clothed with the authority of government, but possessed of the flexibility and initiative of a private enterprise." It was "charged with the broadest duty of planning for the proper use, conservation, and development of the natural resources of the Tennessee River drainage basin and its adjoining territory for the general, social, and economic welfare of the nation."

Within ten years this Government corporation has changed the meaning and the direction of life throughout the valley. Mr. Lilienthal, chairman of T.V.A., spoke cautiously when he said: "All over the Tennessee Valley region you can look upon land that eight years ago was gullied and exhausted, declared too far destroyed for productive use; now it is restored and helping to support farm families. You can go into community after community and find farmers and whole communities alive with energy and hope and renewed faith in themselves and their capacity to meet their responsibilities to their land and to their country."

As a footnote to this statement, and a sign of how far one social improvement affects all contiguous problems, it is interesting that T.V.A., on the borderland of the Deep South, employs Negroes in the same proportion in which they occur in the population of the valley—about 12 per cent. T.V.A. pays the Negro the same wage as the white man for the same work. There has been no serious protest. Men who are hopeful, who are moving out of darkness into opportunity, do not seem to feel the need to degrade their neighbours.

The farmers of the Tennessee Valley are a conservative group. They are also individualists. No Government could order them about, unless it was prepared first to starve them or beat them into subjection. They would only accept an overall plan for their region if they were convinced step by step that it was necessary. The T.V.A. authorities, therefore, were never tempted to behave like autocrats. They knew that their plan was vain unless it could win acceptance democratically. They could not issue orders; they had to persuade and to educate.

The formal authority of T.V.A. covered flood control, the navigability of the river, and the production of electric power. The latter was incidental. In order to control floods it was necessary to build high dams, so American hostility to Government competition with private industry was overcome, and the T.V.A. was allowed to use its dams for the production of electric power. It was therefore allowed to prove that there is no limit to the demand for cheap electricity. Perhaps T.V.A. rates were sometimes "uneconomic," as the privately owned utilities charged, but they paid a social dividend, for they proved that cheap power can help a community to lift itself out of despondency into hope.

By giving the Tennessee River a nine-foot channel throughout its length, T.V.A. has made transport cheap and abundant, adding to the incentive for local small-scale industry.

By creating huge lakes behind its flood-control dams, T.V.A. has made a holiday land out of half the valley, thus bringing to the natives not only money, but the chance for recreation of the mind and spirit.

By giving the broadest interpretation to its permission to control the water resources of the area, T.V.A. has induced an agricultural revolution. As Mr. Pritchett writes of the spectacular T.V.A. dams: "These are really the end, not the beginning, of the T.V.A. water-control programme. The most important water resources are not in the river channel, but are in and on the land. The battle for water control is lost before it is begun if the heavy rains, characteristic of the Tennessee Valley, fall on hillsides stripped of their forest cover and farms planted in row

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crops. Land thus exposed does not store water."

The T.V.A. was thus led to co-operate with every local, State and national agricultural agency in order to find ways of persuading the farmer that it was both possible and wise to use his land in such a way that the land will still be there, and will still be productive, for future generations. In every district the attempt was made to persuade at least one farmer to try the new methods, in the belief that his neighbours would learn from the results and would soon be ready to co-operate in an overall plan for the welfare of the community. It was always assumed that if the opportunities offered by T.V.A. were genuine they would be accepted as soon as they were given a chance to prove themselves.

T.V.A. assumed, in other words, that its job was to help build a fostering environment within which American democracy and agrarian individualism and small-scale private enterprise might flourish. Cheap power to make farm work lighter and more efficient, and to encourage the growth of local agricultural industries; cheap transport to help these local industries reach a national market; free advice on the use of the land in the light of these new opportunities, combined with the cheap fertilisers which are another by-product of abundant electric power; a decentralised and democratic and humanised administration which always persuades and co-operates and which (aside from the necessities of its engineering projects) has no power to compel: these are the main physical results of the ten years' work of the Tennessee Valley Authority.

The moral results are a rebirth of hope and energy, freedom and democracy, among whites and Negroes alike, in an area which for two generations had been depressed. The very architecture of the great dams and their attendant buildings gives a sign of the vitality of this type of free man's planning. "Here," says Lewis Mumford, "is modern architecture at its mightiest and its best." Here also is America's best large-scale effort to use the technological resources of our era to set man free and to promote his happiness.

HERBERT AGAR

EGO SUBDUED

Brief Chronicles. By JAMES AGATE. *Cape.* 12s. 6d.

Like a man in love with his own mausoleum, Mr. Agate stalks around his Ego all day long, perpetually adding a turret here, a gargoyle there, standing back to admire the result, and even inviting us to lend a hand with the trowel ourselves. So preoccupied have we all become with this rather formidable national monument (which admittedly has most amusing frescoes) that we are in danger of forgetting that Mr. Agate's true claim to distinction lies elsewhere. His dramatic criticism has been the arena of a ding-dong battle, fought out in full view of the public, between his two major passions—the drama and himself. If at the moment Ego seems often triumphant and the stage nowhere, the appearance of *Brief Chronicles* should redress the balance and remind us how strong, after all, is the other passion: maybe he could not love himself so much, loved he not Shakespeare more. In this volume, which contains his *Sunday Times* reviews of Shakespearean and other Elizabethan plays as performed on the London stage during the past twenty years, he makes his bid for the serious attention of posterity; and successfully too, for it is full of sound judgment, vitality, wit and sheer good writing: when he chooses he can take his place in the royal tradition of English criticism. Pick up his book to remind yourself of Mr. Gielgud's Hamlet or Mr. Olivier's Macbeth and you are lost for the rest of the day, reading on and on while a procession not merely of contemporary players, but of immortal characters, passes and repasses before your delighted eye.

Mr. Agate can transmit delight because he feels it so abundantly himself. Great acting in a great role will always keep him, if nothing else will, rooted in his stall. Consistently, for all these years, he has opposed the prevalent "quietist" view that acting consists in the alliance of a true conception of the part with the mimetic talent. Find me an actor, say the quietists, who can "act" (that is, successfully pretend to be someone else) and has the brains to understand the character, and I ask no more. "But, by heaven, I do," snorts Mr. Agate, adding that great acting is a kind of magic; and if a few evocative phrases about Sarah Bernhardt leave you cold, he will relate a story about Irving: "I remember an educated man, a professor at Owens College, afterwards Manchester University, telling me that when the play had been *Louis XI*, he had to stay the night in town because he could not endure the mile-long walk along a lonely country road for fear of that dead face following him." Such is the effect of genius, with which mere talent has nothing whatever to do.

> Talent, produced to infinity in the Euclidean sense, never attains to genius any more than perpetual burnishing of silver turns that metal into gold.

Genius on the stage is the combination of temperament and physical endowment. Confronted with a new Othello or Lear, Agate asks those "brutal" questions which the old critics invariably asked, and answers them too. Thus:

> Mr. Olivier has a well-turned head, a pleasing, youthful face, a magnificent voice of bow-string tautness and vibrancy marred by a few commonplace intonations which could easily be eliminated, good carriage, a springy, pantherine gait, and the requisite inches.

Until these physical preliminaries have been considered, nothing else is worth saying. Snub-nosed Romeos and insignificant Othellos won't do, however "masterly the flowing urgency of their thought"; nor will any amount of taking thought make a Tamburlaine out of a man who looks as though he might have been rejected by the London Metropolitan Police. For physical reasons Mr. Gielgud's Lear, instead of an oak riven by thunderbolts, was "an ash-tree storm-tossed with infinite grace." As for temperament, "it is, of course, largely a matter of nationality; every little pastry-cook in Italy washes him in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire each time his wife makes eyes at the apprentice."

Now all this was once deemed obvious, and only an age remarkably short of histrionic genius and quite unacquainted with the grand manner could ever have thought otherwise. But it needed saying, and no one has said it to better purpose than Mr. Agate. He might have gone on to point out that Elizabethan drama has a good deal more in common with Italian opera than with the mousy realism of our current theatre, as represented by Mesdames Smith and McCracken. The great speeches of Shakespeare are so many formal arias, demanding in the executant not merely clarity and a feeling for verse, but a noble and appropriate quality of tone. Lear must not be a tenor, nor Romeo a bass.

What then? you ask. Is acting no more than a glamour parade in which the characters of the great dramatists become a mere row of pegs on which to hang the personal magnificence of the performer? By no means, replies Mr. Agate; and proceeds to supply us, while discoursing on the performance of Miss Edith Evans in *The Shoemaker's Holiday*, with as neat a definition of fine acting as we could desire:

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This, by the by, is typical of the good things scattered through the volume. Our author spawns felicities and is prodigal of aphorisms. Falstaff is "the great gormandiser who helped himself to Life as to some inexhaustible joint"; Juliet "belongs to a wittier and livelier order of Shakespeare's heroines, and you feel that in jollier circumstances she would have put on the trews with Rosalind, Imogen and Viola"; and so on, in the style of a man of parts saturated in the love and knowledge of his subject.

Since these *Chronicles* claim to cover their period, certain omissions must be pointed out. Where is the notice of that wonderful revival of *The Witch of Edmonton* at the Old Vic, with Miss Evans as the Witch? Where is Mr. Alec Guinness's notable Hamlet? And why did a critic with the wit to guess, from his Ford, the quality of the late Mr. Randle Ayrton, not step down to Stratford to see that glorious old actor in Lear, Shylock, Quince, Falstaff, Pandarus, and a dozen other memorable impersonations? For the same reason, one presumes, that led him to deny himself the Glyndebourne *Macbeth*, which, though Verdi's and not Shakespeare's, proved to be one of the great *theatrical* excitements of the period. Mr. Agate is the reverse of the character in the Victorian hymn: perverse and foolish oft he stays at home.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

TWO PUBLISHERS

The House of Macmillan (1843–1943). By CHARLES MORGAN. *Macmillan.* 8s. 6d.

A Batsford Century. Edited by Hector Bolitho. *Batsford.* 10s. 6d.

That publishing houses are distinguished by particular tastes and traditions is a fact usually little known even to assiduous readers, unless they are professionally occupied with writing, producing, selling or criticising books. Yet it would be easy to write "characters" of the principal houses. The name of Macmillan, for instance, suggests a venerable but still wonderfully active Lord Lieutenant, the inheritor of a magnificent estate to which he sagaciously adds by the purchase of well-farmed land, holding himself rather aloof from his neighbours but signally kind and friendly to his tenants, conservative in his manners, conscious of his lofty station, but entirely unostentatious and faithful to those Victorian virtues on which the affluence of his family was founded. Such are the features shown in Mr. Charles Morgan's history of the House of Macmillan: commemorating the hundredth birthday of the firm, it has the qualities of an official portrait—by which I wish to suggest not the vulgar flattery of a Laszlo but the scrupulous and ennobling craftsmanship of a Watts. The treatment in fact is worthy of its eminent subject.

Among the authors who have been published by Macmillan are Matthew Arnold, Bryce, Winston Churchill, C. L. Dodgson, "Elizabeth," Frazer, J. R. Green, Hardy, Henry James, Kipling, Morley, Namier, O'Casey, Pater, Christina Rossetti, Leslie Stephen, Tennyson, Verrall, H. G. Wells and Charlotte Yonge. (I have allowed only one name to each letter of the alphabet.) It must be said not all of these authors were launched by Macmillan. The Scottish dynasty that has controlled the firm for a century has maintained a native caution. It looks far ahead, and willingly risks publishing an authoritative book that may not produce a profit for thirty years. But rather than back a young poet or novelist merely on his promise, it has usually preferred to let him make his reputation in the stable of some less majestic firm, and only then to add him to its string. This policy has been practicable because there has never been a publisher from whom an author could obtain more consistently considerate and generous treatment. To have Macmillan produce one's books must be a privilege as luxurious as to stay at Claridge's or to eat *chez* Larue. Even the authors who at first met with a refusal could be certain of the most patient courtesy. Mr. Morgan gives interesting letters from the firm declining the early works of Hardy and Mr. Shaw. He gives also some specimens of reader's reports astounding in their blindness. In 1900, for instance, their reader (Mowbray Morris) reprobated the poetry of Yeats as having no more permanent value than the plays of Ibsen. And John Morley concurred. (Macmillan landed their Yeats all right sixteen years later.) Mr. Charles Morgan admits that during the Nineties and the early part of this century the firm was surprisingly weak in foreign writers, and that Sir Frederic Macmillan was "oversuspicious of extremes whether of emotion or of manner." Even to-day hardly any of the living writers mentioned in the book are either foreign or under fifty. (Of the few young writers they publish two have been killed in the war, Robert Byron and Richard Hillary.) On the other hand it must be remembered to the eternal honour of the firm that, having taken on Henry James (despite a stupid adverse report from John Morley), it continued to publish his books when he had become a sadly unremunerative author. Also it has been most enterprising in publishing scholarly and specialised work, including Grove, Frazer, Westermarck, Spencer and Gillen, Alfred Marshall, Keynes, and the *Studies in Modern History*.

The history of the firm is fascinating. It was founded by two brothers, sons of a small Scottish farmer, and without capital. After working in a bookseller's, they set up a bookshop at Cambridge (still existing under the control of a cousin as Bowes and Bowes). They became enthusiastic for the personality and opinions of F. D. Maurice; through him they came to publish Charles Kingsley, and followed this success by laying a solid foundation of educational books. In 1857 the elder brother died; in 1859 Alexander Macmillan, whose *Life and Letters*, edited by C. L. Graves, reveals a remarkable personality, took control. He started *Macmillan's Magazine*, which attracted a brilliant body of contributors; and his virtues of character and intellect won him the personal friendship of almost all the eminent Victorians, including Tennyson, George Eliot and Mr. Gladstone. *The Golden Treasury* (1861), the Globe Shakespeare (1864), the magazine *Nature* (1869), the *English Men of Letters* series (1878) were among the milestones of a highly deserved prosperity. The account of the pernickety Lewis Carroll excites one's admiring compassion for his publisher: "There is no pause" Carroll admitted, "in 'the pelting of the pitiless storm' of directions and questions on every conceivable detail." But, as usual, with the Macmillans, virtue was amply rewarded.

In the years 1906-1908 the Macmillans found themselves involved in a ferocious war with *The Times*, for the Times Book Club sought to evade the net price agreement which the firm had wisely been active in promoting among publishers. The Macmillans won a righteous victory. It is noticeable that with advancing years the firm has become less enthusiastic for co-operation with other publishers. Since the war, for instance, it has declined to participate in the re-creation of the great distributing business of Simpkin Marshall, and in the British Council's scheme for encouraging the sale of English books in South America. Mr. Morgan makes no mention of this, which is a pity. For this sturdy individualism is not only a quality in which the firm takes pride but one of the notes that most sharply distinguish it from its fellows. The only objection I can find to Mr. Morgan's book is that on p. 213 he allows himself a petulant outburst, surprising in its unfairness. (What contemporary writer has ever reproached the Georgian poets with being "unselfpitying"?) Otherwise, the book is as sensible as it

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is interesting and carefully written, a chronicle worthy of the illustrious enterprise it celebrates.

The volume commemorative of the Batsford centenary is a much more lavish affair, produced with a grand disregard of wartime economy. A considerable part of it is devoted to accounts of the present directors written by one another as well as by the editor. One of them, for instance, describes his colleague as "a young man with a unique talent for design and for painting highly coloured jackets." Remembering these jackets I can only hope that this talent is indeed unique. Such bouquets give the whole affair a cosy family atmosphere. Far be it from me to complain of this, but I wish that the past history of the firm had been told more fully and less confusingly. For it would certainly prove interesting.

After selling books for thirty-three years, Batsford's started publishing works on architectural subjects in 1876, and many of their productions were authoritative. During the last twenty years they have concentrated on publications intended for a large public, and dealing usually with architecture or rural England—subjects for which Mr. Harry Batsford has a rich and personal enthusiasm. By careful planning and exceptionally good salesmanship they could produce at a surprisingly moderate price volumes containing 40,000 words of text and 130 illustrations, of which they could be sure of selling at least 10,000 copies. This has been a public service, for many of these books fulfil their purpose excellently. But as Mr. Harry Batsford puts it, "Our patron saint is Procrustes," for the principal object of this house has become to supply a standard commodity. Almost all their books therefore are commissioned to an exact specification, a fact that distinguishes them from the ordinary publisher. Recently they have produced some exceptionally good books about the war.

Both these works dwell very properly on the good relations that the publishers entertain with their authors, with their staffs and with their printers. Publishing is at once an art, a craft, and a business. There are, unfortunately, houses that manufacture books as they might manufacture shoddy clothes or gimcrack furniture, with no regard to anything except profit. Even to-day the amount of paper wasted on worthless books by such firms is used as an argument against the just demands of the respectable houses for a larger ration. But both these histories show how much care and thought for matters other than money are expended by every publisher worthy of his name. Indeed both the reader and the writer owe more than is generally realised to the standards, higher in this country I suspect than in any other, maintained by the best houses. Unluckily the booksellers, with some glorious exceptions, are much less efficient and long-sighted. The remedy for this is difficult to find, because it depends less upon organisation than upon individual ability. But perhaps after the war the best publishing houses will be able to combine in devising some method by which their productions can be adequately retailed to the increasing public that is hungry for good books.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

ECONOMIC IDEALS

The Ideal Foundations of Economic Thought. By W. STARK. *Kegan Paul.* 15s.

This is a book of real interest and considerable distinction; though it cannot be said that Dr. Stark has made it easy going for his readers. What in substance he has done is to examine and compare the philosophic foundations of classic political economy, on the one hand, and of modern economics on the other. The investigation is in part an historical, and in part an ethical one. On the basis of what is, perhaps, the most disputed issue in modern social studies—the issue of whether the end is knowledge for its own sake or knowledge for the sake of mankind—Dr. Stark seeks to show how each view of economics has emerged and what problems it has sought to solve. He has learning and vigour and the ability to see things for himself. Not least, he has an eager awareness of political economy as an element in that humanistic tradition which sought so consistently to make man the master of his own destiny. So that there comes through the complex narrative he has constructed what is, in fact, an illuminating, though always difficult, commentary on the modern effort to build a scientific economics which, deliberately, is not only ethically neutral, but becomes a technique of analysis which is indifferent either to the questions it asks or to the answers it receives. Dr. Stark is the passionate opponent of the tradition which men like Gossen and Jennings developed; his book becomes, in the light of his carefully developed historical analysis, a plea for a return to those ideals of liberty and equality which the classical economics sought, in his view, to realise.

Dr. Stark has sought, in a somewhat involved way, to do for his subject what Mr. J. A. Hobson attempted in his far too neglected work—*Free Thought in the Social Sciences*. What I wish he had discussed more fully is why the change occurred from the spirit we find in those who sought to use economics as a weapon of change to the spirit which sought to deny that the economist ought to have a programme. He sees that the positivism which became so fashionable, until Lord Keynes made it clear even to the blindest of observers that it was taking their subject into a *cul-de-sac*, was greatly inferior alike in form and content to the doctrines which sought to change, and, indeed, did indeed in some sense change, the Western world. He hardly indicates why the positivism became the fashionable doctrine or why, when the trumpet was blown in Cambridge, the walls of the pasteboard Jericho tumbled down. He gives far less space, I think, to Marx than his own subject-matter requires; and I think, also, that the full proof of the interesting thesis he is arguing is not capable of being given within the subject-matter to which he confines himself. But, despite this, the book is, with all its difficulties, of real interest; and it is a considerable feat for Dr. Stark to have written it so admirably in a foreign language.

One other note is worth making. It is refreshing to see the dedication of this work to Lord Keynes, the "great heir," writes Dr. Stark, "of a great tradition." That is worthily said. Even one who differs so widely as I do in doctrine from Lord Keynes may be permitted to record his pleasure at seeing this tribute paid where it is due by a scholar who has had no part in the controversies of the last twenty-five years. The historian who looks at economic theory a generation from now will say with emphasis that Lord Keynes did more than any other man since Marx to recall it from the byways to the high road. It is difficult to exaggerate the debt we owe to the man who insisted on the right questions being asked and did not fear to face the dangers involved in helping to get them answered.

HAROLD J. LASKI

LA FRANCE LIBRE

La France Libre. NOVEMBER. *Hamish Hamilton.* 2s. 6d.

We wish to offer our most cordial and fraternal congratulations to this admirable review which has just celebrated its third birthday. Launched at a time of desperate anxiety, it has from the first been remarkable for an ardent patriotism, representing the finest French traditions alike in its intellectual standards and in the elegance of its

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production. It now has a circulation of 40,000, appearing at Algiers and Cairo as well as in London. Soon there is also to be a New York edition. M. Labarthe, M. Aron, and—we would add—Baroness Budberg, have entirely deserved the striking success that has attended their energy and taste.

In the new number M. Labarthe writes with the flame that is always his; and M. Aron with a cool analytical power that is no less characteristic of the French genius. A grim incident, obviously authentic, of French resistance is brilliantly given by M. Kessel. (We need, in our still happy country, to realise the horrors that German occupation necessitates.) There is also an exciting account by a man of his escape from prison. An anonymous writer in France contributes a moving tribute to England in the style of Bernanos, and Mr. Charles Morgan answers this very thoughtfully with a plea: "Pardonnez-nous notre victoire." A Norwegian gives a valuable account of the rule followed in Norway—always to meet the enemy with the disquieting insolence of a smiling face. There are also expert articles on the future of the franc and on substitute materials; Mr. Duff Cooper and Mr. Douglas Cooper are other English contributors; the photographs of France are evocative and beautiful; an account of Moroccan troops is illustrated with neat pen-drawings. We hope that this remarkable review will celebrate its fourth birthday in Paris.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

BORODIN: *Symphony No. 2 in B minor.* Hallé Orchestra, cond. Constant Lambert. (Col. DX1125–8.)

MIASKOVSKY: *Violin Concerto.* David Oistrakh with U.S.S.R. State Orchestra. (Decca X272–6.)

BEETHOVEN: *Trio in B flat, op. 97.* Solomon, Henry Holst, Anthony Pini. (H.M.V. C7588–92.)

FERGUSON: *Octet.* Griller String Quartet, with Pauline Juler (Clarinet), Cecil James (Bassoon), Dennis Brain (Horn), James Merrett (Bass). (Decca K1095–7.)

FIELD: *Nocturnes in A and G.* Louis Kentner. (Col. DX1129.)

GRIEG: *Scherzo and Shepherd's Boy.* (Decca M544.) *Summer's Eve, Puck and Once Upon a Time.* (Decca M543.) *Butterfly, Peasant Song, and Nocturne.* (Decca M542.) Kathleen Long.

MEDTNER: *Sonata in G minor.* Moiseiwitsch. (H.M.V. C3310–1.)

CHAUSSON: *Chanson Perpétuelle.* Maggie Teyte, acc. Blech String Quartet and Gerald Moore. (H.M.V. DB6159.)

FRENCH FOLK SONGS: *Pierre et sa Mie* and *En Passant par la Lorraine.* Sophie Wyss. (Decca M538.)

PARRY: *Armida's Garden, The Maiden, Whether I Live.* Joan Taylor. (Decca M537.)

CZECH FOLK SONGS: Sung by Jarmila Novotna, acc. Jan Masaryk. (H.M.V. DB6157.)

WEINBERGER: *Czech Rhapsody.* National Symphony Orchestra of America. (H.M.V. C2260.)

Borodin's Second Symphony belongs to that class of music which takes the listener by storm. This is not, I believe, the best method of capturing attention, for it is apt to lose its grip, once the first fine careless rapture is forgotten. From this it follows that such work must ultimately be judged by more subjective standards than need be applied to music which depends on something more than animal spirits and an arresting theme or two. Mr. Cecil Gray, if I remember rightly, has made out a clever case for the first movement as pointing the way to a new kind of symphonic development; while others have seen in it only Borodin's amateurish incapacity to make his subject lead to anything but a repetition of itself. I have never been able to decide which of these views (if either) is true, though a decreasing desire to hear the symphony makes me incline to the second. Still, a certain virile beauty is unquestionably present and Mr. Lambert establishes it in a performance which fulfils the music in spite of the recording.

Miaskovsky was a strange, eclectic, somehow unsatisfactory figure, but the Violin Concerto comes as a surprise to one who knew him only from his symphonies. The latter, in spite of conventional "revolutionary" titles, derive from Tchaikovsky and Scriabin; they are diffuse, dull, and impossibly neurasthenic. But the Violin Concerto (op. 44) is very different; pretty, luxurious, and self-indulgent in the style of French music just before Debussy changed its features, it manages to be very pleasing to listen to. I doubt if it would wear well, for the material is unmemorable and some of the treatment (notably in the Finale) very lame. But the records are worth possessing if only for the astonishing performance of David Oistrakh, who must surely be one of the greatest violinists alive. Since Kreisler I have not heard so astonishing a display of effortless brilliance, so pure an intonation throughout the entire register. The recording, too, is good.

I can imagine no one who will not welcome with joy the new set of the "Archduke." This glorious Trio has at last got an English performance worthy of it in every detail—tempi, balance, phrasing and all. I should expect Mr. Howard Ferguson to be equally pleased with the performance of his Octet. This is an agreeable, and on the whole well made, piece of music; but I would not put it on a level with the Partita or the Piano Sonata. For one thing, the material is rather thin and unsatisfactory. As if conscious of this, the composer has not been able to manage more than a page or two at a time without working up a feverish climax; always an unfortunate procedure. But as an example of conventional English music, this Octet deserves an occasional hearing, when it will please by its passages of unobtrusive beauty.

The music of John Field may be weak, but it is certainly not emphatic. This odd, melancholy genius ought to be better known. These two Nocturnes are admirable examples of his art, which is purely lyrical and depends upon extreme delicacy in performance—which it here gets in perfection. Do not miss this record; but, unless you are a determined amateur of the cosy and the arch, I do not recommend Miss Long's course of Grieg. Between 1830 and 1890 Europe's notion of prettiness deteriorated horribly, as you may hear by playing Grieg's Nocturne after one by Field.

Medtner's music is far from negligible, but—as so often happens—he is best known by a work which is less individual and more reminiscent of Rachmaninoff than many of his neglected pieces. The Sonata in G minor is a fine piece of pianistic writing, and Moiseiwitsch's style suits it well; but, musically speaking, I doubt if it wears better than the Miaskovsky work described above.

It was partly of Chausson that I was thinking when I compared Miaskovsky's Concerto to pre-Debussy French music. Chausson was sometimes a much more than respectable composer—but not, I think, in the *Chanson Perpétuelle*, as mannered and luscious a "period" piece as the poem it sets. Charles Cros was a doctor, a friend of Verlaine's, and (one gathers) a remarkably nice fellow; but it is difficult to view the poems in *Le Coffret de Santal* very enthusiastically to-day, and Chausson's setting is too faithful not to share his poet's fate. Moreover this record suffers from a feeble performance by the Blech Quartet, and the first violin wobbles horribly at the most crucial moment in the song. Not recommended, except perhaps to specialists.

Whether or no you belong to those who prefer folk songs to *Lieder* (or "art songs," as they are sometimes unpleasantly called), you must, I should think, acknowledge the superiority, in every sense, of Czech and French folk songs to the feeble lucubrations which are all England has to put beside the songs, of Schubert, Schumann, Franz, Brahms and Wolf, Berlioz, Duparc and Fauré. The songs of Parry and Elgar are generally admitted to be among their weakest works; but why this should be so is not clear, nor why so competent, and sometimes so inspired, a composer as Parry should have been moved to publish anything so tentative, so edulcorated, as the songs recorded (with intelligence) by Miss Joan Taylor. Here, surely, we have English art at its worst, its most harmless, its least original. Turn instead to France and Czechoslovakia: the tunes are lively or pathetic, and always inevitable, with that breadth of feeling which enables the songs to be stanzaic without losing the connection between tune and meaning. And here, I confess, my enthusiasm stops: the "fantasia on folk tunes" seems to me a bad idea, like bits of peasant needlework incorporated in a dress. An impersonal rhapsody (to change the metaphor) would appear to be a contradiction in terms.

All these four discs, with the exception of the last, are well enough recorded.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competitions

No. 720

Set by Samuel Smiles

Since Milton's day the art of cookery has made great progress. The usual prizes are offered for a passage of 20 lines to be interpolated in the account of the banquet in Book 11 of *Paradise Regained*.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Monday, November 29th.

2. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 717

Set by G. W. Stonier

New Societies continue to spring up, even in wartime, and competitors are asked to add to them. An indication of the purpose, scope and rules of the projected Society should be given in not more than 200 words.

Report by G. W. Stonier

Suggested societies: For the Prevention of Cruelty to Books, For the Liquidation of Newspapers (capital: one million million pounds), To Better the *New Statesman* Competition Page, To Form a Free English Government in Dublin, For the Preservation of Amicable Humbugs, For the Conscription of Third Parlour Maids, For the Encouragement of Silence, For the Post-War Preservation of Emergency Water Sumps. There were societies appealing to the Tory, the highbrow and the book-fetichist. The most bizarre, perhaps, was a Patricides Club.

From so many, wanted or unwanted, it has been a little difficult to choose, but I think that the prize should be divided between A. M., J. C. Smith, Civil Servant, Leslie Johnson, and F. C. C.

THE FULL STOP SOCIETY. *Bona fide* full stop lovers invited join new Society giving full scope self-expression. Stimulating opportunities for action and exchange of views and grievances for all tormented by haunting absence of full stops everywhere. Special equipment at reduced rates for active members desiring various fields of work. Adhesive full stops in assorted sizes (full range from ¼in. to 2in. in red, black, green and blue) for hoardings. Small easily concealed jars of paint in all colours for suburban gate-work, together with useful "Clandestine" brand pocket-torch. Members interested in work on brass plates entitled to five-day course (charge two guineas or six guineas per group of four). Assorted rubber stamps for library, home, etc., use. Experienced assistants (including retired monumental sculptor, converted skywriter) provided for special enterprises if approved by Society. Chisels for gravestones. Annual fee one guinea. Box 2872.

A. M.

SOCIETY FOR THE ABOLITION OF THE UNINVITED GUEST

"No Sir: he is not to go when he is not invited."—*Johnson* BOSWELL

This society holds the view that intercourse between civilised people should be a thing of ceremony conducted after the manner of the intellectual *haut monde* of the eighteenth century.

We deplore the casual standard of conversation which it is our wish to see elevated to its rightful place as the first of the Social Arts.

We attribute the present decline to that phenomenon of our times, the Uninvited Guest, and we view with dismay the extension of his activities which will

low the increased facilities for Transport in the
t-war world.
We pledge ourselves to oppose, with all the influence
d resources available to us, every attempt on our
ivacy, and never to impose on the privacy of our
quaintance, without the necessary preliminary of an
vitation and an acknowledgment.
By these means, the guests we entertain will be the
ests we would wish to entertain; for us, he who is
invited is he who is unwelcome.
We invite all who have suffered from the uninvited
est to join us and suffer no more. J. C. SMITH

THE CIVIL FORMERS SOCIETY

ms of the Society:
To provide a way of life for retired Civil Servants
hich shall enable them to continue to live according
the traditions of the Service.
In particular to provide them with tea and with
ms.
les:
1. Application for membership shall be made on the
propriate form in sextuplicate.
2. Only Civil Servants of fixed mentality will be
gible for membership, though very old retired
icers of His Majesty's Forces may become
norary Members.
3. Tea will not be served in the public rooms. Tea
ll be brewed by members in their own rooms.
a may be carried down corridors.
4. Should a member do anything, he will be
rimanded, and his forms confiscated.
5. Should a member accept responsibility for having done anything, he shall be dismissed from the Society.
6. Members may use the club premises between the hours of 10 a.m. and 12 a.m., and 3 p.m. and 5 p.m.
7. It is hoped that nothing will have to be done. Should communications be received from the Outer World, they shall be passed through the usual channels, and shall be filed. CIVIL SERVANT

There have been societies inspired by books in general, and by authors in particular, but I know of no precedent for a society devoted to a single book. (The Bible is a collection of books.) The work I have in mind took its author seventeen years to write, and demands, in his opinion, a lifetime's attention from each of its readers. It being conceivable that some of them may have other interests as well, I propose the formation of *The Finnegans Wake Society*, and here let me say that one of the first duties of each member will be to register a protest every time he sees that some misguided compositor has printed the title with an apostrophe. A satisfactory original commentary upon any selected passage will be an indispensable preliminary to full membership. Each duly elected member will be allotted a definite part of the book to work on, the smaller the better, and the results of these researches will be examined and collated by a committee. The objects of the society will be to elucidate the work page by page, and thence as a whole; and to prepare fully annotated editions, and translations into English and other languages.
LESLIE JOHNSON

Quite twenty years ago I founded the SRNTOPSATTPT (The Society for Repeating the Nice Things Other People Say About Them to the People Themselves). The late Professor A. U. Dicey of Ocford constituted himself President. He was the most benevolent of men: indeed (as invariably happens) no one joined our Society who stood in any need of it. It has since disintegrated, till, after twenty years (having become, perhaps, more cynical, and certainly more realistic), I perceive an urgent need for its re-establishment in a sterner form.

The SNRNTOPSATTPT, therefore (The Society for *Not* Repeating the *Nasty* Things that Other People Say About Them to the People Themselves), has just been founded. As before, it will have neither rules, subscriptions, or meetings; only a medal (the White Enamel Rose of a blameless life, tastefully surrounded by its thirteen interwoven initials). Applications for this must be signed by two members of the applicant's family, (b) At least three near neighbours, and (c) A magistrate or Minister of Religion. Here is what I hope (faintly) to send up in November, 1945, "This is to certify that to the best of our knowledge and belief F. C. C. has not, for the space of one year, repeated the Nasty Things, etc., etc. *Nor has his/her conversation become boring in consequence.* Signed . . ." But who, who will sign it? F. C. C.

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SCULPTOR reqs. residential studio. Anywhere in London up to £2 weekly. Partics. to Paul Christie, 59 Schubert Rd., Putney.
FURN. house/flat wanted, London. Careful tenants. Clarkson, 25 Portland Rise, N.4.
NAVAL officer, wife, baby, requires cottage, furn. or unfurn. Must have bath, gdn. Under 50 miles London. Box 2764.
PUBLIC School Master, single, wishes rent small comfortable flat or self-contained rooms. Accessible West End. Five weeks from 18th December. Service unnecessary. Highest refs. and rent in advance offered. Box 2648.
SECTIONAL Bungalow, 3 rooms, required, erection Newton Abbot area. Box 2650.
SMALL unfurn. flat wanted, West End or easy distance Oxford Circus. Box 2614.
CAPTAIN'S wife, writer, housebound by motherhood, mirthlessly awaits eviction, wants unfurnished house or three/four rooms, 20/40 miles London. Box 2590.
BUSINESS gentleman requires flat in mod. block near Tube. London area. Furn. or unfurn. Highest reference given. Box 2691.
WANTED. London studio, unfurn. flat or rooms with large window for painter/civil servant. Comfort immaterial. Padd. 5452 morn. and evening.

Personal

YOUNG expectant mother, Oxford undergraduate husband in Forces, needs furn. or unfurn. flat or cottage, South England. Would share. Box 2869.
GIVE Cloches this Christmas—Trial set (12) Small Tent Cloches 21*s.* 6*d.* Half set (24) 38*s.* 6*d.* Half set (10) Low Barn Cloches 38*s.* 6*d.* Full set (20) 67*s.* 6*d.* (Scotland, 23*s.*, 41*s.*, 72*s.* 6*d.*). Chase, Dept. X8, Chertsey, Surrey.
THOSE interested in forming International Educational Club. Tuition by University of London professors and then a chance to become a teacher yourself. Further details from F. B., Cleve Rd., N.W.6.
WHO will help? Mother expecting her first baby after ten years. Just out of bed, renal infection; shopping, housework prohibited—doctor's orders. Cannot afford months in nursing home. No room in hospital. Without any domestic help. Husband in Sicily. Daily work or help with shopping. Anything. Muswell Hill address. Write Box 2747.
WILL competent psychologist suggest series mental exercises, concen., mem., alertness, etc., suit. class ages 12–14. Terms to Box 2700.
MARRIED ex-Service man, discharged wounds, keen gardener, where caring for small lovely garden will help recovery, will be given use tiny fully equipped charming cottage, mod. con. gratis. Remote village Oxon. Unfort. no room children. State circs. fully. Box 2759.

Personal—continued

PROGRESSIVE couple (30's) would welc. suggestions for Xmas. Tn./cntry. Box 2652.
FREE Italy Movement, 11 Buckingham St., Strand, W.C.2. Tem. Bar 7244. Speakers on Italian problems available.
DAYTIME use of Bluthner grand (plus rent) offered for furn./unfurn. accommodation (Lond.), where evg. practice tolerated. Box 2729.
LIBRARY research, excerpts and/or translations from works in English, German, Czech-Slovak or Hungarian, for historians of students of foreign affairs offered. Box 2695.
YOUNG man willing to do library research work, free-lance basis. Box 2697.
SENIOR Civil Servant, retiring shortly, 60, invites suggestions for occupation either voluntary or otherwise. Box 2685.
PROFESSOR and wife need quiet, independent, inexpensive, fairly central room in London as pied-à-terre. Box 2688.
RUSSIAN taught by Russian lady. Box 2694.
GENTLEMAN requires Spanish lessons, especially conversational pref. Westminster. Full particulars Box 2702.
ITALIAN lessons by exp. native teacher, R. Tiberi, 49 Gloucester Rd., S.W.7.
PEOPLE'S Refreshment House Association Ltd. 200 £1 Ordinary Shares for sale. Price 12*s.* 6*d.*, or offers considered. (Last year's dividend 4 per cent.) Settlement arranged through bankers. Edwards, 40 Village Rd., N.3.
WORLD Speedwords for quick notes; used in one week by Dean of Canterbury. Stamp for details. Duttons (S), 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1.
STOP Smoking. Quick, cheap, lasting, harmless. Grateful thousands testify. Booklet, 5*d.* Carlton Chemicals, 251 Birmingham.
ANIMALS in Algeria and Tunisia suffer from neglected sores and injuries. Will you help? Society for Protection of Animals in North Africa. (President: Duchess of Portland), 96 Blandford Street, London, W.1.
THERE'S extra nourishment in Bermaline Bread. Restores energy, invariably remedies digestive troubles, and pleases everyone—is so delicious. Will help save shipping. Ask Baker, or write Bermaline, Fairley St., Glasgow, S.W.1.
BURNT, torn and moth-eaten garments (except knitwear) invisibly mended in one week. Send or call. Mark clearly damages to be mended. Bell Invisible Menders, Ltd., 73 New Bond St., W.1.
PIANISTS—VIOLINISTS. Rapid Fingering, Flexible Wrists, Octave Playing made easy (pianists), Vibrat (violinists). Descript. bk., "Finger Magic" (2½*d.* stp.), Director, Cowling Institute, 59 New Oxford St., London, W.C.1.

Readers' Market

WANTED, second-hand books, any good literature, Shaw, Lawrence, Huxley, Everymans, etc.; copy of "Fabian" and other works by Erich Kastner; Kate O'Brien's "Mary Lavelle"; orchestral and miniature scores, top price paid for good condition (especially French); Montessori apparatus for boy, 3 yrs., also mechanical train trucks and lines.
FOR sale, D. H. Lawrence fiction works, nineteen volumes, offers; good second-hand copies Lawrence's "Revolt in the Desert," "Oriental Assembly," Doughty's "Wanderings in Arabia," Sir Richard Burton's "Anthropology, Travel and Exploration," "Lawrence and the Arabs" (Graves); fine eighteenth-century mahogany sideboard, £40; Trix electric railway, good condition, £15.

Send no money or goods in reply to these advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. *Readers' Market*, 10, *Great Turnstile, mentioning advt. and details. Charge under this heading* 1*s.* 6*d. first word* 6*d. a word after, including forwarding replies.*